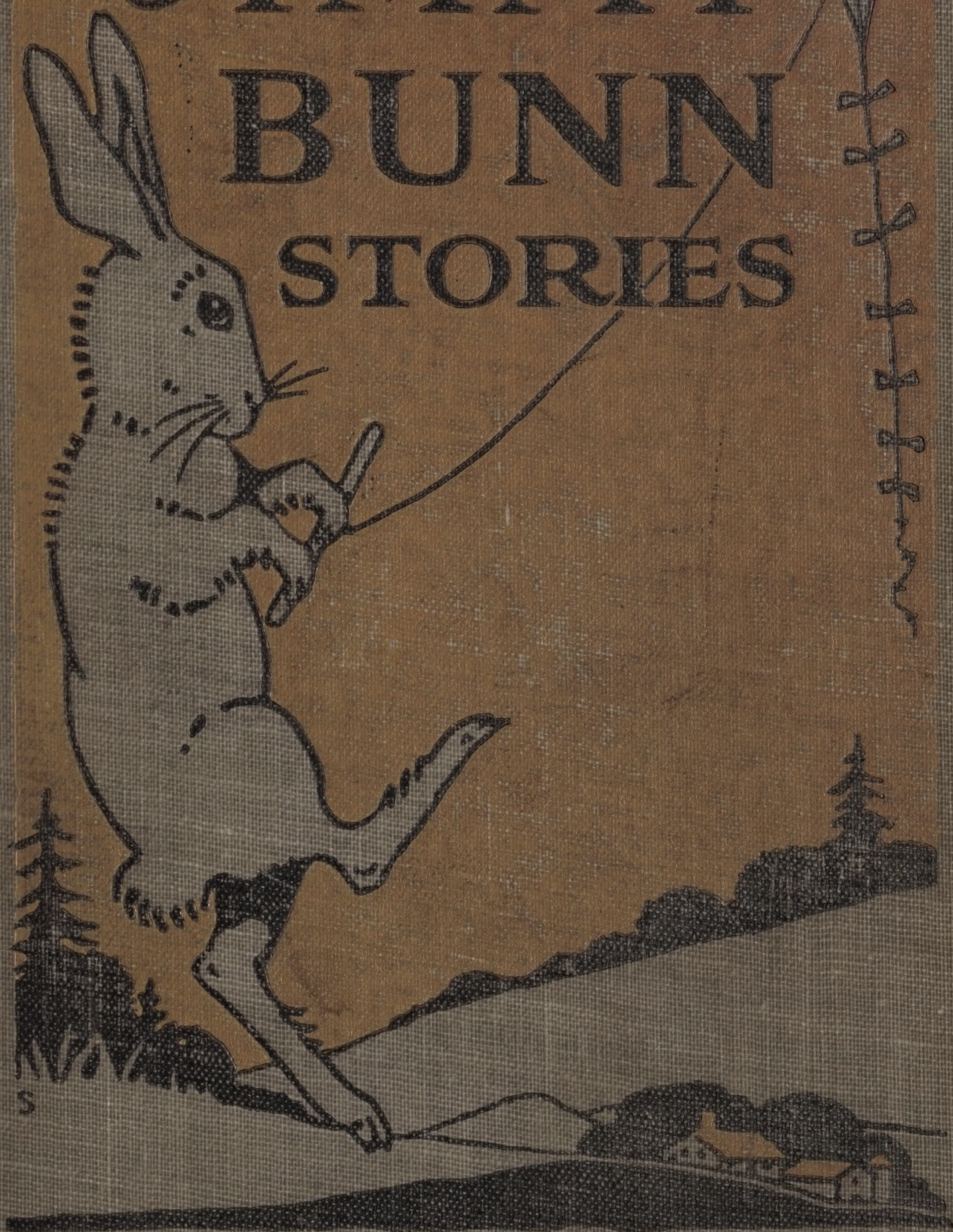


# JIMMY BUNN STORIES



HENRY C. WALKER





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Jimmy Bunn  
Stories













Old Mr. Wolf did n't like the water



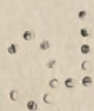
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Henry Cragin Walker

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*To*

EVERY KIDDIE IN THE LAND

WHO LOVES THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE AND ANIMALS

AND BIRDS AND FLOWERS AND TREES AND LAKES

AND RIVERS AND FRIENDLY LITTLE BROOKS,

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED







## INTRODUCTION

A long, long time ago, when the lamp had been lit in the cozy living-room before bed-time, the author of these stories used to relate the adventures of Jimmy Bunn to his children.

They, and sometimes some of the neighbors' children, used to crowd in on the big soft couch before the fireplace and, tucking their nighties over their pink toes, listen with eager eyes and ears.

He never had any idea at that time of putting them into print, but after his children had grown up and had children of their own, they remembered the Jimmy Bunn stories and the author found that he often had to tell them all



over again, and after a while a publisher thought there were a great many other small youngsters who would enjoy them too, so here they are.

The story-teller makes no claim for great originality and grown-up folks may occasionally discern some similarity between Jimmy Bunn's adventures and those which occur in some of the old classics and the fairy stories of long ago.

The author will make no apology for this, for he remembers hearing that even Shakspeare borrowed his plots from other story-tellers; and after all, as Solomon says, "there is nothing new under the sun."

Of course we may perhaps admit that very few of these adventures could really have taken place, but what of that? After all, is n't it the things which



could n't ever happen that interest most of us?

Right here I hear a little voice ask, "But, Mother, how could Jimmy Bunn p-o-s-s-i-b-l-y do the things he did?" And perhaps the reply: "Well, you know, dearie, being a rabbit, may be he could n't. Of course they are 'make-believe' stories." After which there is a general nodding of heads and snuggling by the audience.

If the tales succeed in pleasing other small audiences, the author will feel very glad indeed, because he realizes that story-telling is perhaps the oldest form of amusement in all the world—harking away back to thousands of years ago, long before "movies" were even dreamed of, or printing-presses had been invented.

Should these stories receive one half



the favor they did in those long-ago evenings, before the old fireplace, he will feel more than repaid for having undertaken the happy task of preparing them for the printer.



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JIMMY BUNN STORIES







# JIMMY BUNN

## JIMMY BUNN AND THE SHADOW

**O**NCE upon a time Jimmy Bunn —but goodness, gracious! I have n't yet told you who Jimmy Bunn was!

Jimmy Bunn was just the wisest, whitest, cutest rabbit in all the world.

Of course he had long ears and just a stub of a wee little tail. In fact this tail of his was *so* short and *so* stubby that you could scarcely see it unless you looked very, very sharp.

Jimmy Bunn was n't proud of his tail at all. To tell the truth, he was rather ashamed of it, it was terribly short. It



was like the end of your lead pencil after you have written and written and whittled and whittled it away down to almost nothing at all.

Old Mr. Owl, who you know is just the knowingest bird that ever was, said—at least folks said he said—that Jimmy Bunn's tail was worn down so small because he was in-quis-i-tive.

In-quis-i-tive means that you always want to find out all about everything you see, and, to begin all over again, Mr. Owl said that Jimmy Bunn's tail was short because, *being* in-quis-i-tive, he always sat up on his hind legs and looked all around. And this, you know—or so Mr. Owl said—wore his tail down until, as a tail, it was n't of much use.

Perhaps Mr. Owl was right, but none of the other animals believed it. Because, you see, nobody—not even



Tommy Tortoise himself, who had lived for pretty nearly one hundred years—remembered that Jimmy Bunn's tail had ever been even one teeny, weeny bit longer than it is to-day.

Well, anyway, Jimmy Bunn was walking about (you know he does sometimes walk, when he is n't in a great hurry) and sticking his little pink nose into bunches of sweet clover.

Maybe he was looking for a clover with four leaves, but I don't think so. He didn't care much about four-leaved clovers, at least while there were plenty of *three*-leaved ones about.

You see, Jimmy was eating his breakfast. He would choose a nice long, fat clover stem and then bite it off very near the ground and slowly eat it right up to its three leaves, saving the best for the last, just as at dinner you have to wait



for your piece of cake until you've eaten every last bit of what has gone before.

All this time Jimmy's long, white, pink-lined ears lay flat along his back. But all of a sudden they stood straight in the air, his nose began to wrinkle, and he sat right up on his hind legs and looked around, the stem of his last clover still sticking out of the corner of his mouth, although he had stopped chewing it.

Jimmy had heard something, and it was something he didn't like.

Presently he thumped his hind feet hard on the ground in disapproval. And then he saw—well, what do you think?

He saw a dark shadow come slowly stealing across his sweet-clover patch and there were no fleecy little clouds in





Clearly there was something wrong







that bright blue sky overhead to make that shadow.

Clearly there was something wrong.

Now, when Jimmy Bunn thinks there is something wrong he never stops to argue about it. He always makes up his mind very quickly.

He forgot all about that sweet-clover patch and down he came on all four feet again and began to run.

My, how he ran! His long hind legs worked like a green grasshopper's, only a great deal faster than the legs of any green grasshopper you have ever seen.

He never looked behind him. If he had, he would have seen—oh, gracious! what do you suppose he would have seen?

He would have seen the owner of that shadow which had suddenly come over the sweet-clover patch, and the owner of



that shadow was running behind him just a little bit faster than Jimmy.

The owner of that shadow could n't make his legs work so fast as Jimmy Bunn's; but, you see, each jump he made was a *great deal longer* than Jimmy's jump.

The owner of the shadow was big and shaggy. He had a long bushy tail and a long thin nose and a big mouth with a red tongue hanging out of the middle of it.

I think it was lucky for Jimmy that he could n't look around; for if he had looked, the sight of the shadow's owner would have frightened him to death right then and there.

It was also lucky for Jimmy that he had gone to bed early the night before and had had a long night's rest. If he had sat up as he wanted to, after his



mother had told him to go to bed, you see he would have been all tired out and the shadow's owner would have caught him in seven jumps.

Now, Jimmy's house was still a long way off and he just knew he would n't have time to get to it before the shadow's owner caught him. But suddenly he saw, right ahead of him, a big, long, hollow tree lying on the ground with one end open.

Oh, if only his long hind legs would keep on jumping!

Would they? Yes, they would. One, two, three more jumps and *snoop!* went Jimmy out of sight into that hole in the log and *slam!* went the shadow's owner in too; but only up to his shoulders, for the hole was n't big enough for him to go any further.

Away into the middle of the log went



Jimmy. And then—well, he just could n't help it—he suddenly faced about and looked back.

He could n't see a thing, but he could hear—yes, indeed he could hear! He heard a growling and a coughing and a sneezing, for the end of the log was full of old sawdusty wood where the bugs had eaten it and the shadow's owner had got a lot of the dust up his nose.

Then suddenly the shadow's owner backed out and in crept a little of the bright sunshine and Jimmy Bunn could see who it was that owned that shadow.

It was Mr. Wolf.



## INSIDE THE LOG

**I**T was very, very dark indeed inside the log where Jimmy Bunn had run to get away from Mr. Wolf and his gray shadow.

Of course at the open end, where the sunlight shone, it was very bright, but away back in the middle, where Jimmy Bunn sat shivering, it was as dark as your bedroom is at night when Mother has put out the light and you pull the clothes over your head.

Jimmy could n't see Mr. Wolf; not even his gray shadow was in sight. But Jimmy somehow had the feeling that Mr. Wolf was not very far away.

Then suddenly he began to shake all over again, for he heard footsteps right



over his head. Mr. Wolf was running over that hollow tree and looking to see if there were any skylights on top.

But the old tree was still covered with strong rough bark and there was no hole at the back, either, because that was the top end, where the tree was very, very small.

So Mr. Wolf came back and looked into the hole again and although he could n't see Jimmy Bunn, because it was very, very dark inside, he just knew he was there, so he said:

“Gr-r-r-r! maybe I can't get in, but never mind. You can't possibly get out and after a while you will be hungry and you 'll *have to* come out and then—”

Well, then Mr. Wolf gave a great laugh. And, just to show Jimmy Bunn what he might expect, he snapped his teeth together and made a noise such as



you make when you crack nuts with a nut-cracker, and he made an awful face in the hole, hoping that Jimmy Bunn would see it and it would frighten him. And Jimmy Bunn did see it and it made him tremble even harder than ever.

Oh! is n't Mr. Wolf a terrible old fellow?

By and by the sunshine at the end of the hole went away, and then the evening shadows began to fall, and then it began to be almost as dark outside the hole in the log as it was inside where Jimmy Bunn sat shivering.

Jimmy Bunn could n't hear Mr. Wolf at all now, but he knew he had n't gone away, for he remembered what his mother had told him about Mr. Wolf never, never giving up when he had once started out to catch anybody.

That is one really good habit of Mr.



Wolf's, bad as he is; when he starts out to do anything, no matter what it is, he always sticks to it until he finishes it.

After the sun had gone away down behind the far-away hills it got as dark as night and the frogs began to croak and away off in the thick woods Jimmy Bunn could hear a whip-poor-will call.

Have you ever heard a whip-poor-will? A whip-poor-will is a bird that begins to call when darkness comes and it sounds exactly as if some one was crying, "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

It's a very, very lonesome sound indeed, and poor Jimmy Bunn thought about his home and wondered what his mother was doing. How anxious she must be about her son Jimmy!

He thought a lot about his warm, cheerful home in the ground, all lined



with dried grass and pieces of fur that his mother had pulled off her own breast to make his bed comfortable when he was very young. And, yes, sometimes she had pulled some off Jimmy Bunn's father's fur coat and made him very angry so that he had thumped his hind feet and said things which were not at all nice.

You see, when you think you have lost anything you feel very badly about it and you ap-pre-ci-ate all the more having had it.

Just when it had got terribly dark, Jimmy Bunn had another very bad fright, for suddenly he heard Mr. Wolf give a long, long howl.

You see, Mr. Wolf had grown even more hungry than he was before. It made his hunger greater to know that a good dinner was so near and just



out of his reach in that hollow log.

He felt just the way you feel when you are hungry and through a store window you see a lot of good things to eat.

But that was n't what made him howl. He was really howling for Mrs. Wolf.

He knew Jimmy would have to come out sometime, so he thought that if he could call Mrs. Wolf *she* could come and sit down before that hole and wait for Jimmy Bunn, while he (Mr. Wolf) went home and got a bite to eat before he made his big meal of Jimmy Bunn.

So after a while Mrs. Wolf heard Mr. Wolf calling and she answered him and finally crept out of the woods herself, like another gray shadow in the starlight.

"Jimmy Bunn is in that old log," said Mr. Wolf to Mrs. Wolf, "and if we are patient we shall finally eat him. I am



going home for a bite to eat, but I'll be back pretty soon. You watch till then." And he trotted off.

Of course Jimmy Bunn did n't know about Mr. Wolf's plan, but one thing he did know. He was very, very hungry, for he had been in that log nearly all day without one bit of food.

My, how hungry he was and how he did want to go home!

Now, you know when you just *have* to do a thing, you usually do it, so although Jimmy Bunn did n't at all believe there was anything good to eat in that old log, he began to hunt around just the same.

He went from one end to the other, going just as near the open hole as he dared and sniffing about on every side, when all of a sudden, *what* do you suppose he found?



He found a patch of soft moss right under his feet.

Of course moss is n't much like sweet clover, but Jimmy Bunn scratched at it with his sharp toe-nails and kept pushing his nose into it until—well, what do you think?

His pink nose went right straight through that patch of moss into the soft earth.

You see, it was this way.

Old Bushy Tail, the gray squirrel, used to have his home in that old tree before it had been blown down by the great wind.

Yes, he had his home there, going in and out through a big hole in the trunk. And when his old home fell down, that hole lay right against the ground and Jimmy Bunn was really looking right out of Bushy Tail's old front door.



My! what a big thump Jimmy Bunn's heart gave!

Here was his chance, after all.

He did n't wait a second. He began to dig, and how he did make the dirt fly.

You see, Jimmy Bunn was used to digging holes. He had often dug them for fun and now he was digging for *life*; yes, he was.

He dug and dug and dug, while Mrs. Wolf waited outside without having the least idea what Jimmy Bunn was about.

He dug and dug and dug, being careful to dig away from the end where Mrs. Wolf waited.

The hours went by and old Mr. Wolf came back to take his turn at watching, and still Jimmy Bunn made the dirt fly down underneath that old log.

By and by, when he thought it safe, he began to dig *up*, and then—oh, joy!—



he saw a little bright star shining right over his head and out popped his nose into the night.

He looked about with great care. He could n't see Mr. and Mrs. Wolf, but he guessed they were there all right at the other end of that log.

Then he pushed a little harder, but very, very softly, and out he came on the soft pine-needles.

My, how he did run! Yes indeed he did! Very softly at first and then faster and faster, although his front paws were, oh! so tired with digging!

He never stopped until he had run right into his own house and into the arms of his mother, who was waiting for him, you may be sure.

What became of old Mr. and Mrs. Wolf?

Well, they waited there outside that





Out popped his nose into the night







hole all through the next day and then they got mad and went home.

They made up their minds that Jimmy Bunn was dead, anyway, and Mrs. Wolf said she believed her husband had frightened him to death by howling so loud.



## JIMMY BUNN AND THE STRANGER

**J**IMMY BUNN had been eating green apples.

His mother had told him not to, but Jimmy had eaten them just the same, and he had waked up in the night with an awful pain in his stomach.

He just could n't sleep any more, so he crept very carefully past the bed where his mother and father were sleeping, and he crept very carefully by the nursery where his brothers and sisters were sleeping, and so out to the door of his house in the hillside.

He sat up and blinked his eyes when he got to that door and looked out, for round-faced Silver Moon was shining



brightly in the sky. Jimmy had never seen him look so big and white.

He almost forgot about his stomach-ache as he gazed at Silver Moon and at the trees and the grass and the hills and the Big Pond.

How still everything was! And the light from Silver Moon was wonderful, it was so soft.

It made the Big Pond look like a great, round dish filled with the clear syrup which Jimmie's mother gave him for his breakfast cakes when he was a good rabbit.

It looked so much like it that Jimmy could hardly believe it *was n't* and wanted to go over and make sure.

Jimmy was very fond of syrup.

He knew he ought n't to go to the Big Pond, but he might never have another chance. You know it's very hard some-



times not to do the things one should n't. And so Jimmy could n't resist the temptation and he decided to hop over to the Big Pond.

It was such a very little way to go and he felt sure everybody but himself was sound asleep.

There was a corn-field near the pond and just as Jimmy was passing it he got an awful fright, for suddenly he heard some one say, "Hello, Jimmy," in a very strange voice.

He looked around quickly and there was the funniest-looking stranger he had ever seen.

At first he thought it was Mr. Wolf, for in the moonlight the stranger looked almost as big as gray Mr. Wolf looked.

Then Jimmy saw that he was not gray, after all, but yellow and black, with a very big, bushy yellow tail that had wide



black rings around it. He had little pointed ears and a very sharp nose and round eyes and such a comical expression that it made Jimmy want to laugh.

“Well,” said Jimmy in amazement, forgetting all about his stomach-ache, “who in goodness’ name are you?”

“Me?” said the stranger, smiling a little, Jimmy thought. “Why, I’m Connie Coon.”

“Do you live near here?” asked Jimmy, in a very polite voice, for he felt as though he ought to say something.

“Yes, in the woods over there the other side of the Big Pond,” said Connie.

“You see, I don’t go out much in the daytime because I sleep a good deal then. And, besides, I’m afraid to be out in the daytime.”

“Are you afraid of Mr. Wolf?” said Jimmy, shivering a little at the name.



“Humph! not much,” replied Connie, opening his mouth and showing two rows of sharp white teeth. “And look at these.” He held up a paw and Jimmy saw some very long, pointed yellow claws at the end of it.

“Mr. Wolf would better not meddle with *me*,” Connie said, grinning. “I can fight when I want to.”

“Crickity!” said Jimmy, admiringly, “I suppose you are n’t afraid of anybody.”

“Yes, I am,” replied Connie, earnestly. “I’m afraid of several things. I’m afraid of men and guns and dogs.”

“Do the men and dogs chase you?” said Jimmy, beginning by this time to feel well acquainted.

“Indeed they do!” said Connie. “You see, I have a pretty handsome coat, if I do say so myself. It’s a very warm



one, too, when it's fine and thick in the winter. And men, you know, are sometimes very *cold* in winter."

"What has that to do with it?" asked Jimmy, interrupting, which was of course not polite.

Connie grinned again.

"Seems to me you are n't very sharp," he replied. "Why, the men want this coat of mine and the coats of my brothers and sisters! They sew them together and make coats for themselves. That's why I don't like to come out in the daytime. Besides, I can see very well at night, almost as well as old Mr. Owl can.

"I can climb trees, too. You see that big chestnut tree over there? Well, I can climb it like—What's that?"

Jimmy listened. Over on the other side of the Big Pond he heard the barking of a dog.



Connie Coon turned around like a flash and as though to show Jimmy that he had n't been bragging, he ran toward the big chestnut tree. Springing up on the trunk, he scrambled up among the branches, out of sight, without even saying good-by.

Jimmy turned and ran, too. He did n't like dogs, either. It was only a few jumps to his hole and just as he was about to run in out of sight he stopped and turned around. He wanted to see what would become of Connie Coon.

He heard the dog coming nearer and he could see a light among the trees and hear men talking.

By and by he saw them coming out into the moonlight. The dog was running along with his nose to the ground, and the men were a short distance behind him.





You see that big chestnut tree







Soon they came to the chestnut tree which Connie Coon had climbed and the dog lifted up his nose and barked very loud.

Then one of the men took some funny-looking iron things, like the spurs on a big rooster, out of a bag and strapped them on his legs. They were climbing-irons, but Jimmy Bunn did n't know that and then the man put his arms around the tree and started to shin up.

"Poor, poor Connie Coon!" thought Jimmy.

The big silver moon still lighted up the meadows and the trees and Jimmy could see everything except Connie Coon.

"Dear me!" said he to himself. "I wish that old silver moon were n't there. Then they could n't find Connie."

By and by the man had climbed away



up in the tree and then he crawled out on a limb and began to shake it very hard.

It was the limb where Connie Coon was trying to hide and clinging on for dear life.

The man shook it and shook it, and the dog barked. The other men, as Jimmy could see in the moonlight, carried long sticks. They were waiting for Connie Coon to fall out of the tree.

And pretty soon he did.

He just could n't hold on any longer.

Down he came, all rolled up like a ball, and lit right on top of that barking dog.

*Then* there was a terrible noise!

Those long teeth and yellow claws, which Connie Coon had shown Jimmy Bunn, began to bite and scratch like everything.

Oh, how that dog did yelp! And the



men, in trying to hit Connie Coon, hit the dog instead. And how the hair did fly!

By this time Jimmy Bunn had forgotten all about the pain in his stomach. All he thought about was that fight over there by the Big Pond.

Then when his eyes began to ache with looking so hard he suddenly saw Connie Coon break loose from the dog and the men and, running as tight as he could go, disappear in the woods.

The dog tried to follow Connie, but he limped and held up one foot.

“My gracious!” said Jimmy Bunn to himself as he nodded good night to Silver Moon and ran back to his bed, “My gracious! I like that Connie Coon fellow! And how he can fight! I believe he will wear that fine, handsome coat of his all winter long, *himself*.”



## JIMMY BUNNY VISITS THE GREEN HILL

**A**WAY back of Farmer Johnson's farm there is a lovely Green Hill.

It rises in a gentle slope from behind the Big Pond and stretches up, up, up, so that the top *looks* as though it touched the sky.

And Jimmy Bunn, sitting before his home on summer evenings, often wondered if it really did.

It was behind this Green Hill that the sun went to rest every night. And sometimes, earlier in the day, when there had been a gentle shower and his rays shone brightly, Jimmy could see a wonderful rainbow, curved across the sky, one end of which swept gracefully



down, down, down, till it disappeared behind the Green Hill.

Very often, when the sun had gone to rest behind the Green Hill, Jimmy could see beautiful red and blue and gold colors flaming in the sky. And, remembering how that sky had looked one night when Farmer Johnson's big haystack burned up (I am going to tell you that story some day), Jimmy wondered if those brilliant lights came from a great fire burning there.

Surely there were great sights to be seen the other side of that Green Hill!

"If only it were not such a long way off," thought Jimmy, "I would go there and see for myself."

Now, when one wants very much to do a thing, and keeps thinking about it every day, one generally resolves to do it. That is why we should always be



careful to think only about those things which it is right for us to do.

Yes, Jimmy wanted very much to see what was behind that far-away hill, and so one day, without saying a word to anybody, he resolved to start on the journey.

So first he ate all the sweet clover he could hold, because, he told himself, he might not find any more till he got back. Still, I suspect he would have eaten a good deal if he *had n't* been going, don't you?

Then he looked all around to see if anybody was watching him. But there was n't a soul in sight, so off he started.

He crawled through the wire fence around Farmer Johnson's house and he climbed over the big stone wall beyond, and then he hopped as fast as he could go right toward the Green Hill.



It was a good deal farther off, even, than Jimmy had thought, but he kept right on hopping, because you know, if one is really *going* to do a thing, the only way is to *keep at it*. And by and by, after what seemed a long, long time, he found himself right in the middle of the green slope, and then finally, when it was long after noon time, he arrived right on the very tip-top.

He was pretty much out of breath by then, so he rested a bit and sat up straight on his hind legs to look around.

And what do you suppose he saw?

Why, nothing but a lot more hills and a lot bigger hills, while away off, miles and miles, and miles, was a hill so big that Jimmy knew it must be a mountain.

“Goodness,” thought Jimmy, “but life is a funny thing! Just when you begin



to think you have found out all about everything, there are always a great many *bigger things* coming along to find out about."

And just at that moment he heard footsteps behind him.

Around he jumped, quick as lightning, for he thought it *might* be Mr. Wolf, and there, only a few steps off, was Short Horns, Farmer Johnson's big red bull.

"Gracious!" said Jimmy; "you scared me 'most to death. What are *you* doing up here?"

Short Horns laughed.

"What are *you* doing here, yourself?" he said. "Didn't you know this is my pasture? I'm up here for a few weeks' vacation. My wife and two children are over there behind that gray rock."



"I thought you always lived in Farmer Johnson's barn," said Jimmy.

"Well, *I* thought *you* lived in your house in the hillside," replied Short Horns. "Perhaps you've come to make us a visit."

"No," said Jimmy, "but of course I'm very glad indeed to see you," he added politely, for Jimmy had been very well brought up, although he *did* sometimes ask too many questions. He wanted to ask one now, even if it was n't so very polite, so he said:

"Why do you wear that ring in your nose, Short Horns?"

Now, that ring in the bull's nose had been put there by Farmer Johnson because Short Horns sometimes had very bad fits of temper and, his nose being very tender, Farmer Johnson could pull on that ring and make him mind.



Perhaps Short Horns thought a good many folks ought sometimes to wear rings in their noses to help make them mind, but he did n't say so.

He said instead: "Oh, all bulls wear rings in their noses, you know, just as some persons wear them on their fingers."

Of course, this was n't ex-act-ly answering Jimmy's question, but, you see, Short Horns was just a little bit ashamed of that bad temper of his and did n't like to refer to it. Then he said, perhaps to change the subject, "It's a nice view from here, is n't it?"

"It certainly is," replied Jimmy. "I thought when I started that maybe I could see the whole world from the top of this hill."

"Pooh, pooh!" said Short Horns. "This world is a very large place."



"Can you see the end of the rainbow from here?" asked Jimmy, to conceal his disappointment.

"No indeed," said Short Horns. "I suppose it has n't any end. Maybe it goes all around the world and meets itself again, like the ring in my nose."

"But what 's it for?" asked Jimmy.

"Well, to be honest, I really don't know," said Short Horns, "but I 'm told there 's a reason given for it somewhere. It 's something about a promise and has to do with a great flood that happened thousands of years ago. Perhaps your mother can tell you about *that*."

"I thought the sun went to bed the other side of this hill," said Jimmy.

"Does he?"

"Of course not," said Short Horns. "He does n't even go to bed behind that big mountain over there, but from here



it *looks* as though he did. As a matter of fact, he does n't go to rest at all. He just stays there and keeps on shining all the time, and as this round world of ours is always turning over backwards, it *looks* as though the sun were going down behind the mountain.

"You see," continued Short Horns, "it won't be very long now before he *does* disappear for the day. It's already getting pretty late. I don't believe," he added, "that you will be able to get home before dark. And you know,"—here he looked at Jimmy very seriously—"Mr. Wolf sometimes hunts on this hill at night."

"Oh, dear me!" said Jimmy, shivering. "I had n't thought of that. Whatever am I going to do?"

"Well," said Short Horns, "you seem to be a pretty good sort of chap. If you



like you can stay right here all night with me. There are several of us up here. We all lie around on the grass in a circle at night, with the baby calves in the middle, so as to keep them out of danger."

Jimmy looked back the way he had come.

It was certainly growing late.

Already long dark shadows were creeping up from the valley and the woods below looked purple against the sky.

The evening wind was beginning to blow; Jimmy could see the hemlock boughs trembling. And off in the distance the Frog family were starting their evening chorus.

He had never spent a whole night away from home in his life and he knew his mother would be terribly worried.



But even that was better than to be caught by Mr. Wolf.

So he looked at his friend and nodded his head.

"I'll be glad to stay if you will let me," he said. "Thank you very much."

"Very well, then," replied Short Horns, "follow me." And he started for the big Gray Rock with Jimmy close beside him.

When Jimmy got there he saw several cows and two dear little bossies with slender legs and big round eyes and long stringy tails.

They all looked at Jimmy and then Short Horns introduced him to every one. And by and by they all lay down on the grass in a circle, as Short Horns had said they would.

Jimmy Bunn nestled up as close as he could to one of the calves and ate a lit-



tle bunch of red clover he found growing there.

“Are n’t you afraid?” he said to his little neighbor, as he stretched out his tired legs before going to sleep.

“No indeed!” replied Bossy, “not with my mother and father on guard. Nobody woud dare touch us with them around.”

It was very, very dark by now, so Jimmy lay down in the bunch of red clover and looked up at the bright and twinkling little stars away off in the dark blue sky overhead. And almost before he knew it he was sound asleep.



## MISTER WOLF IS LOCKED UP

**Y**OU remember Jimmy Bunn had lain down to sleep beside Bossy the calf on the top of the Green Hill.

He was very tired after his long journey and he slept soundly.

But soon after midnight he was suddenly awakened by a big splash of water on the tip end of his nose and he sat right up in a hurry.

It was so dark he couldn't see a thing, but another big splash struck on his ear and ran down into its pink inside and made him scratch it.

And just then, right at the moment when he was scratching that pink ear, there came a tremendous flash of light.

For a second it seemed to Jimmy as though it were daytime, for he could see



the Gray Rock and the cows and the calves and old Short Horns as plainly as anything. And then the light went out again and there came a crash of thunder and it seemed to Jimmy as though it had split that old hill right down the middle.

Then, before poor Jimmy Bunn could even think, there came another flash of light and another awful crash of thunder and he thought that the end of the world had come at last.

All the cows and the calves and Short Horns got up on their feet and began to run and Jimmy began to run too, although in the dark he had n't the least notion where he was going.

Great big drops of rain were everywhere beginning to fall and every few seconds the lightning zigzagged in a long line of white flame against the big black mountain in the distance.



Jimmy was so scared that he ran and ran and ran and by and by he bumped—*bang!*—right into something hard and it hurt his head so very much that he saw stars.

Then, the lightning came again and he found that the thing he had run into was an old shed Farmer Johnson had long ago built on the top of that hill, and in one second there came still another flash of lightning and Jimmy saw an old doorway and in he dodged as fast as he could jump.

It was dark as pitch inside and the rain was coming down so hard on the old tin roof that it sounded like a million bass drums all being beaten at once.

Of course Jimmy Bunn was a very brave rabbit. If he had n't been he certainly would have died of fright right



there in that old shed on the hilltop, for nobody, I think, has ever seen such a terrible storm as this one.

By and by Jimmy reached out and closed the door. He just could n't stand looking at the lightning any more. Then he went away back in a corner and sat down again.

Little rivers of rain water were by now running down the hill and some of them ran in under the side of the old shed and soon Jimmy's feet were as wet as sop and he was cold and lonely and very mis-er-able.

And my goodness! how the wind did howl!

But after a while it did n't rain *quite* so hard and Jimmy was beginning to feel better, when all at once he heard the old door squeak on its hinges as though



*somebody* outside was trying to open it.

Jimmy shivered and this time it was n't because of the cold.

*Who* was trying to open that door?

Then there came another squeak and Jimmy felt a breath of cold air blowing on his face. Whoever it was that had been trying that door, had at last opened it.

Then Jimmy heard some one come in very softly and begin to move around in the dark.

Jimmy did n't dare speak. He did n't even dare move. He hardly dared breathe.

He listened and listened, but he could n't hear another thing to save his life.

By and by Jimmy began to think of what he could do.

He was n't *sure* it was an enemy



that had come in at that door, but he could n't be sure it *was n't* either.

"Anyway," thought he, "it is better to be outside, where I can run away." So, very, very carefully, he began to creep around the wall toward the door.

He could n't see a thing, but he knew he would at last come to that door, if he kept on going long enough and did n't bump into anything on the way.

My, but Jimmy crept along carefully, right on the tip of his toes! He did n't make even the tiniest noise.

Now, by this time the great storm was nearly over and the stars were beginning to peep out and Silver Moon was trying to shine again from behind the smoky hurrying clouds.

In fact, friendly Silver Moon sent one of her swift little beams of light right through a tiny crack in that door and



as Jimmy Bunn looked where it rested upon the floor of the old shed, he saw—my goodness, gracious! what do you think? He saw Mr. Wolf.

Yes, Mr. Wolf had been out hunting on the Green Hill just as Short Horns had said he sometimes did and he had almost got drowned in the rain. In the darkness he had hurt his paw on a sharp rock, so that he had limped along till he came to the old shed, where he had crept in out of the wet. And now there he sat, licking his sore foot with his long red tongue.

But Mr. Wolf had not seen Jimmy Bunn—no, not yet. In fact, he had not even *smelled* him, for he was all tired out and so busy licking his sore foot that he had n't even *thought* about Jimmy.

No indeed, he never even *dreamed*



that Jimmy Bunn was out on that lonely Green Hill in the middle of the night.

Oh, how Jimmy trembled! For just think, old Mr. Wolf was so near that, if he had known about it, he could almost have reached out his paw and *touched* Jimmy.

Now, Jimmy Bunn knew that if Mister Wolf *did* see him, his life would n't be worth two cents. For Mr. Wolf, even if he did have a sore foot, could catch him on that lonely Green Hill in just about seven jumps.

Yes indeed he could!

But you will remember I have often told you that Jimmy Bunn never, never gives up. And so he began *very* slowly and *very* carefully to open that door just a teeny bit more. Just a *wee bit more*, in fact, so he could just *barely* squeeze himself out.



And he did.

But just then, just as he got about half-way out, the old door gave a squeak (you know doors *will* give a squeak sometimes, no matter how careful we are) and old Mr. Wolf looked up and saw Jimmy right in the middle of that moonbeam.

My, but Mr. Wolf was astonished! Really, he could hardly believe he was awake.

Sometimes, you know, one is so astonished that one can scarcely move and that was just the way Mr. Wolf felt when he saw Jimmy Bunn in the middle of that moonbeam.

And that moment of as-ton-ish-ment was what Jimmy needed.

He gave one frantic wriggle and was outside in a jiffy and then he turned around and quicker than anything he



slammed that door shut and locked it.

Did I tell you there was a lock on that door? No, I think I did n't. But there was, because Farmer Johnson used sometimes to shut Short Horns in that old shed when he had n't behaved himself.

Yes, sir, there was a lock on that door and Jimmy Bunn turned the key—*snap!* just like that—and then, as old Mr. Wolf sprang at the door, Jimmy turned and ran.

*Bang!* went Mr. Wolf against the inside of the door. He hit it so hard that the walls of the shed trembled and the lock almost broke in two. But it did n't, it held tight. It was certainly a strong lock.

Jimmy heard that bang and he heard the yell of pain that Mr. Wolf gave when his sore foot hit the door and it made



Jimmy run so fast that he looked like a white streak in the starlight.

Down the hill he went lick-et-y-split.

He fell over rocks and old tree stumps and went splash into big puddles of muddy rain water so that his white coat was a sight to be seen.

But he never stopped for anything.

He saw old Short Horns and one of the calves standing under an old tree and he went by them so quickly that they held their breath in amazement.

Down, down he went and over the old stonewall and under the wire fence, and a piece of the broken wire tore a great big chunk out of Jimmy's fur coat, so that it hung there blowing in the night wind.

And then, then there was his old home in the hillside and when Jimmy had run away down into his own bed-chamber



and jumped into his own comfortable bed he lay there and thought to himself that, after all, there was no place like home. And I think you will agree with me that there is n't.

Of course Jimmy's mother had been terribly worried about him and had n't slept a wink all that night, but she was so glad to see him that I don't believe she punished him at all for running away.

Would *you* have punished him if *you* had been his mother?

And what became of old Mr. Wolf locked in the old shed on the hillside?

Oh, well, I'm going to tell you all about that some other time.



## HOW MISTER WOLF WAS FOUND OUT

**I**T was early in the morning of the next day after the great storm.

And you will remember it was during the *night* of the great storm that Jimmy Bunn had locked Mr. Wolf in the old shed on the Green Hill.

Well, after Mr. Wolf had found he could n't, to save his life, get out of the old shed, he had at last fallen asleep right there on the wet floor. It was pretty uncomfortable, but Mr. Wolf was so tired out he just went to sleep in spite of everything.

And how he did snore! At last he snored so loud that the noise he made woke him up and there was the sun shining right in through a crack in the door.



Yes, it was morning and it was breakfast-time, but there was n't any breakfast waiting for him in that old shed.

And Mr. Wolf was as hungry as anything.

He walked all around the old shed and he rattled the door and he sniffed very loudly at the crack in it, but that was all the good it did him and at last he realized that he was a prisoner.

And then he got scared.

Yes, indeed he did, because at heart Mr. Wolf is really a great, big coward, and a coward almost always gets scared pretty easily.

Besides, he was very much ashamed to think how Jimmy Bunn had locked him up in that old shed.

He was pretty sure that nobody had seen Jimmy do it, but I'll tell you a secret—*Somebody had!*



Almost always, you know, there is *somebody* who sees us when we think nobody does.

Now, right beside that old shed was a very tall pine-tree and because it grew near the top of that high Green Hill, it made a splendid watch-tower.

Yes, it made a very fine watch-tower for a very wise old fellow who had been sitting there all through the storm of the night before.

A wise old fellow with long curved claws and a great fierce beak and big, round yellow eyes, eyes that can see very well at night, and a—Well, can't somebody tell me who it was that had his perch in that tall pine-tree?

Good! I knew some of you could guess it. Sure enough, it was Gray Shadow, the owl.

Gray Shadow had been sitting there



all hunched up like a big ball, but had kept his eyes open for all that, and if it had n't been raining so hard and if Jimmy Bunn had n't been running so fast Gray Shadow would himself have pounced on him as sure as fate. For Gray Shadow just loves rabbits—to eat, I mean.

So you see Jimmy had really had *two* narrow escapes that night.

Yes, Gray Shadow the owl had seen Jimmy Bunn lock Mr. Wolf in the old shed and had laughed silently to himself. And he had also been waked up very early that morning by Mr. Wolf's loud snoring, so he knew he was still a prisoner.

“I want my breakfast,” said Gray Shadow, “but I ’ll be jiggered if I don’t stay here a while longer and see what is going to become of Mr. Wolf.”



Well, when Mr. Wolf found he could n't get out of the old shed all by himself, he sat up and began to howl.

You know some folks always begin to howl when they can't at once get what they want, which, of course, is a foolish thing to do.

But Mr. Wolf really had an idea back of his howling. He hoped Mrs. Wolf would hear it and hurry to help him.

Of course Mr. Wolf always thinks he is pretty clever and no doubt he is, but every once in a while when things go wrong, or he can't find what he wants, he sets up a howl for Mrs. Wolf.

So he put his nose right against that crack in the door, so as to let all the noise out at once, and howled long and loud—in fact *so* long and *so* loud that Mrs. Wolf did hear him, away back in her home in the deep woods. So you see



Mr. Wolf might really be called a howling success.

She was just putting on her hat to go to market and she was just a little bit cross to think that instead she would have to go and look for her husband. And the long walk up the Green Hill, in answer to Mr. Wolf's howls, did n't improve her temper a bit.

Nevertheless, she howled back once in a while, to cheer him up wherever he was, and trudged along until finally she came to the old shed.

"What in goodness' name are you doing in there?" she said, as soon as she could get her breath.

"Can't you see! I'm trying to get out," replied Mr. Wolf and I am sorry to say he did n't speak very politely, either, for he was getting hungrier and hungrier every minute.



Now, of course, as I have said, Mr. Wolf was very much ashamed to think that Jimmy Bunn had locked him in the old shed. In fact, he was *so* ashamed of it that he did n't want anybody to know a thing about it. So when Mrs. Wolf asked him what he was doing in that old shed, he looked at her through the crack in the door and said:

“Why, you know, Lena—”

Did I tell you Mrs. Wolf's name was Lena? Well, it was. She was named after her mother, who was a French wolf named Madame Lenape—but to go on with the story, Mr. Wolf said:

“You see, Lena, my dear—ahem!—that is to say—I mean—it was this way. I just came in here last night to get out of the rain.”

Now, that was a queer way for Mr. Wolf to talk, was n't it? But you see he



did n't intend to tell all of the truth if he could help it and, like men and women and boys and girls, once he started out to de-ceive somebody he got all mixed up in his talk and he really did n't de-ceive Mrs. Wolf at all.

But all she said was, "So this is where you 've been all night, after leaving me alone to be frightened nearly to death by all that thunder and lightning!"

"Yes," said Mr. Wolf, "you see I came in here all by myself to try to keep dry and the wind blew the door to and now I can't open it."

My goodness! was n't that a whopper of a story?

"And I suppose," replied Mrs. Wolf, looking at the closed door and the big key, "I suppose after going in you afterward locked the door yourself, on the *outside*."



There! You see, Mr. Wolf, by not telling the whole of the truth at once, was finally obliged to tell a story that was n't true at all. And, as almost always happens, he got found out.

Now, all this time, while Mrs. and Mr. Wolf were talking (and they talked very loud, as most persons do when they're angry) Gray Shadow the owl, on his perch in the tall pine-tree, was enjoying himself very much indeed.

Of course he heard everything they both said and at first he was going to speak right out and tell Mrs. Wolf the truth about that locked door. And then he began to pity poor Mr. Wolf a little and thought maybe he *would n't* tell her.

But what he did do was to drop silently down to a lower perch on a limb right over their heads, where he would be sure



not to lose a word of their conversation.

Well, when Mr. Wolf heard Lena, his wife, ask him if he had locked that door on the *outside* after he was on the *inside*, he knew he was *stumped*. He knew for sure that Mrs. Wolf did n't believe him, but he was n't going to admit he had been telling a fib unless he had to. In fact, he was such a *very* bad wolf that he decided to tell another whopper of a story to protect himself, so he said:

"Well, you see, while I was asleep Farmer Johnson must have come up here and locked that door, himself."

Well, when Mr. Wolf said that—when he said Farmer Johnson must have got out of his warm bed and come all the way up that Green Hill in the middle of the night and in all that storm, just to lock the door of an old empty shed (at



least Farmer Johnson *thought* it was empty)—Gray Shadow the owl could n't believe his ears.

He had never before in all his life heard such a whopper of a whopper.

And so he just could n't help it—he flapped his wings and opened his mouth and screamed, “Whoo! whoo! whoo!” as loud as he could hoot.

Yes, and Mrs. Wolf looked up at Gray Shadow the owl and then she looked through the crack in the door at old Mr. Wolf and cried out, “Who? who? who?” herself.

“Yes,” Mrs. Wolf cried, “Who? who? who? *who* was it, Mr. Wolf, you said turned the key in that lock? Who was it? That old bird up there does n't believe you. He wants to know *who* it was turned that key and let me tell you, I want to know *who* it was, *myself*.”





Mr. Wolf looked very sheepish







Poor old Mr. Wolf! He certainly had thought that *nobody* but himself knew Jimmy Bunn had locked that door. And nobody *could* have seen it in the dark except Gray Shadow, who, as you know, can see just as well in the darkness as *you* can in the daytime.

Yes, Mr. Wolf knew that he was found out at last and he looked very sheepish indeed and he resolved on two things im-me-di-ate-ly. One was to be very careful in the future not to tell whoppers, and the other was to get even with Gray Shadow the first chance he got.

Of course there was nothing for Mr. Wolf to do now but tell the whole truth about Jimmy Bunn having locked that door.

So he did and then Mrs. Wolf grumbly turned the key and let him out.



But, honestly, she was so angry to think how Mr. Wolf had tried to de-ceive her that she had *almost* made up her mind to let Mr. Wolf stay in that old shed *forever*.

Well, after she had unlocked the door she and Mr. Wolf started off down the Green Hill for home, but between you and me they really did n't have much to say to each other.

As for Gray Shadow, he flew back to his high perch and began to look for his breakfast. He found a fat field-mouse he had half eaten the night before and which he had really forgotten all about while listening to Mr. and Mrs. Wolf quarreling.

That 's one of the foolish things about a quarrel, is n't it?

It often makes us forget all about a great many more important things.



## JIMMY BUNN AND THE WILD GEESE

**I**T was late in the fall of the year and the weather had turned very cold.

Every morning when Jimmy Bunn poked his pink nose out of his house in the hillside, he could see, glistening in the sun, a white and shining carpet of frost on the meadows.

It soon melted away in the sunlight, but Jimmy knew it meant that winter was coming.

All around the shore of the Big Pond there was a wide necklace of thin, crackly ice and it looked to Jimmy as though Farmer Johnson's cows were smoking, because when they breathed,



what looked like thin smoke rose from their mouths.

Suddenly, away up in the clear blue sky, Jimmy saw a flock of birds flying right over his head.

He guessed they were big birds because they flew very fast and were soon out of sight. But before they were gone, Jimmy noticed they were flying in two lines—a wedge-shape formation, just like when you stretch out your first and second fingers, keeping them as far apart as you can.

If you will do this and imagine those birds were flying toward you, you will see exactly how the flock looked to Jimmy.

Just before they had flown out of sight, Jimmy's father came out and looked up at them, too.

“Well, well!” he said. “That’s the



first flock of wild geese I've seen this fall. They are going south for the winter."

"What makes them fly like that?" asked Jimmy.

"Because it's easier," replied his father. "You see, the biggest and strongest one flies first and sort of makes a hole in the air so the others can fly more easily."

"How does a goose know that?" asked Jimmy. "I thought a goose did n't know much of anything."

"Well, you know, a goose is n't as crazy as some persons suppose," answered his father, "although sometimes geese *do* act very foolishly indeed. They are very curious, too. In fact, they are much more curious than their cousins, the ducks.

"If you would like to go over to the



Big Pond with me early to-morrow morning and will promise to keep very, very still, perhaps I 'll be able to show you just how curiously wild geese can sometimes act."

"Yes, indeed, I 'd like to go," replied Jimmy and ran in to tell his mother about it.

So very early the next morning, Jimmy and his father started for the Big Pond.

When they got there it was just barely sun-up and as yet not very light.

Very carefully they crept around through the woods until they were almost on the edge of the farther side, where a point of land stretched out toward the middle of the water. There was a high ledge of rocks near it and up they climbed till they got to the top and could look right down on the shore and over the surface of the Big Pond.



When they got there the first thing that Jimmy saw was a big flock of geese near the edge of the water.

“Just look!” he whispered excitedly. “There are some of them right now.”

His father laughed softly.

“Look again, Jimmy,” said he. “Those are not real geese, they are made of wood and anchored there. Just watch; you ’ll see that they don’t move one bit.”

Jimmy took another long look. Sure enough, not one of those geese moved at all, except that they rode the little waves like small boats.

“Now look over there,” said Father Bunny, pointing to the end of the point of land. “Look very carefully at those weeds and bushes and tell me if you see anything queer about them.”

Jimmy looked eagerly and with sharp



eyes to where his father pointed and then he pinched his father's paw excitedly.

"Oh, Daddy," he whispered all of a tremble, "those aren't real *growing* weeds, at all! There is a little house right back of them under the bushes and I can see men with guns and spy-glasses just outside and there's a dog, a black spaniel; one of the men is holding him by a chain."

Father Bunn chuckled under his breath.

"You wait a little and you'll see a lot more," he continued. "What's that, away off there in the sky?"

Jimmy looked where his father was pointing. Sure enough, there was a flock of geese, flying toward them, but as yet so far away as to be scarcely seen.

Then quite suddenly a big gander—you know Father Goose is called a



gander, don't you?—a big gander flew right up out of that place where the men were and he circled around and screamed, "Honk! Honk! Honk!" as loud as he could and then he lit on the ground right on the edge of the shore.

"Now watch those geese in the air," whispered Jimmy's father.

Jimmy looked up and suddenly that flock of wild geese changed their course a little and flew right toward that bunch of weeds and bushes.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Jimmy, excitedly. "What's it all about?"

"Sh-h-h-h! not so loud," said Father Bunn. "That place where the men are is called a 'Blind,' and those men are after the wild geese.

"Those wooden things that look like geese are called 'decoys.' That means they are put there to make the wild geese



think the 'decoys' are their real live friends, so they will fly over and visit them. The big gander is a tame goose and was let out so he would fly up and make a noise to attract the attention of those wild relations of his. He can't fly very far, anyway, because his wings are clipped. Those wild geese have heard him, too. See them coming. They probably think this is a fine place to rest and eat breakfast."

"It's very wrong to fool them that way, is n't it?" asked Jimmy.

"Well, that depends," replied his father. "If the hunters want them to eat and are not trying to shoot them for sport, I suppose in a way it's all right."

"Well, *I* think it's pretty mean," said Jimmy. "Oh, look! those wild geese are lighting in the water, but I should think they were too far away to shoot."



“Yes, I suppose they are,” replied his father, “but those hunters are very wise folks and they know, too, just how foolishly geese will sometimes act. Now, you watch that man near the edge of the bushes. And you watch the dog, too.”

Jimmy looked and saw the hunter take something in his hand and throw it way out to the edge of the Big Pond. It was round and it bounced. “Why, it’s a rubber ball,” whispered Jimmy. “What’s he doing that for?”

“Don’t talk so loud,” said his father. “See that!”

One of the hunters had untied the dog and quick as anything the black spaniel rushed out of the bushes and ran down to the edge of the water. He picked the ball up in his mouth and brought it back.

“Why, that dog will scare those wild geese to death!” said Jimmy Bunn.



"No, he won't," replied Father Bunn. "You remember I told you how geese are always very curious. Just see them swim toward that blind to find out what the dog is doing."

Sure enough, those geese were swimming toward the land as fast as they could swim, with their long necks stretched out as though they just could n't get there fast enough.

Then Jimmy saw the hunter take the ball from the black spaniel's mouth and throw it out again and once more the black spaniel brought it back.

By this time the wild geese were very, very near the edge of the Big Pond and Jimmy could see the hunters with their guns at their shoulders, aiming right at that flock of foolish birds.

Then suddenly he heard a hunter shout, "Now!" and *bang! bang! bang!*





Splash, splash, ker-splash went the wild geese







went those guns, so loud that Jimmy put his fingers in his ears.

The surface of the Big Pond where those geese were swimming looked as though it were raining, for hundreds of tiny shot were striking the water all at once.

My! but there was a terrible hubbub! *Splash, splash, ker-splash* went the geese, as their mighty wings beat upon the water in their sudden efforts to fly away. And then up they all rose, with the water flying from their feathers like a great spray of shining diamonds in the early sunshine.

Then, *bang! bang! bang!* went the guns again and the noise made Jimmy's ears tingle, for he had taken his fingers away, not knowing that hunters almost always carry *two* shots in their guns.

At this second blast of shot one of the



big geese turned right over in the air and Jimmy thought he was going to fall into the water, but suddenly he turned right side up again and flew after his friends.

“Humph!” said Father Bunn, “I think one of those bullets must have tickled his ribs a bit. But it seems to me those hunters are pretty poor shots.”

By this time the flock of geese was away up in the air and Jimmy saw them form into their familiar V shape again, as they got higher and higher.

Pretty soon they were mere specks against the blue sky and then in the distance they faded away, quite out of sight.

“Well, Sonny,” said Jimmy’s father, smiling, “I fancy those geese won’t be quite so curious the next time they spy something they don’t understand.

“Let’s go home and see if we can help Mother.”



## JIMMY BUNN'S BIG JOKE

**N**OBODY in the whole forest liked Mr. Wolf. He had no friends at all.

You see, he was such a mean old fellow. He never helped anybody. He wasn't even polite. And nobody could remember that he ever had given anybody anything.

Of course Mrs. Wolf liked him and his children liked him, except on such occasions as he came home very hungry and very cross.

And Mr. Wolf had been very, very cross since Jimmy Bunn had got away from him, when he had chased Jimmy into the hollow log.



So whenever he passed that way he would go and look into that old log and growl and kick away the dirt with his hind legs.

By and by it got to be a habit of his to go each day to that hollow log and sit down before it and grumble away like anything.

Peggy Woodpecker, who had her nest in a hole in an old tree near by, used to watch Mr. Wolf do this and she just could n't understand why he did it.

Anyway, she thought Jimmy Bunn might like to know about it, so one day she flew over to Jimmie's house.

Jimmy was in his front yard, eating his breakfast. You know Jimmy is really never so happy as when eating.

"Good morning," said Peggy, lighting on an old stump and looking about with her sharp eyes for bugs.



"Good morning to you," replied Jimmy, sitting up. "What's the news?"

"That's what I have come to tell you," said Peggy. "You know, my house is over by that old hollow log on the edge of the woods."

Jimmy nodded.

"Well, I thought you might be interested to know that Mr. Wolf comes over there nearly every day and looks into that log and growls. I wonder why he does that. He's certainly very angry about something."

"I think I can answer that question," said Jimmy, smiling. "I got away from him one day and hid in that old log. Maybe he thinks I'm still there."

"Well, why don't you make him believe you *are*?" said Peggy, with a twinkle in her eye.



"How?" said Jimmy, growing interested.

"That's easy," returned Peggy. "Why don't you dress something up to look like you and put it inside that hollow log just out of his reach?"

"He will think it's you and it will be a great joke. Day after to-morrow is April Fool's Day. Do it then. I'll tell the other birds and maybe Connie Coon about it. We'll all be there to watch Mr. Wolf."

Jimmy thought it over.

"It *would* be a great joke, wouldn't it?" he said to himself. Then he looked up at Peggy again and laughed.

"Fine! I'll see what I can do," he said, and he ran at once into the house.

Now, in the back room of Jimmie's home there was a very old woodchuck skin on the floor before the fireplace.



It had belonged to Jimmie's *great*-grandfather, who had found it one day back of Farmer Johnson's barn, where Farmer Johnson's hired man had thrown it after skinning its owner. Jimmie's great-grandfather had thought it would make a good rug for his house and so he had brought it home.

Well, Jimmy took that old woodchuck skin and ran out with it. He should have asked his mother for it first, but he thought maybe she would n't let him have it. You see, Jimmy was n't always as careful about such matters as he might have been.

He took it out to the old dump back of Farmer Johnson's house and he hunted around till he found an old rusty rat-trap.

Then very carefully he stretched the woodchuck skin around the old trap and



he pinned it together with some big thorns from a locust tree.

When it was done it certainly did look something like a big bunny. Not so *very* much like one, you know, but in an almost dark hollow log Jimmy thought it would answer very well.

Then very early the next day—for he knew that Mr. Wolf was usually out hunting at night and slept very late in the morning—Jimmy took his old make-believe woodchuck, which looked at least a *little* like a *rabbit*, and carried it to the hollow log. He put it at the end of the log and pushed it away in with a stick so you could just barely see it.

Meantime Peggy Woodpecker sat up on a tall stump near by and kept watch.

After he had finished Jimmy Bunn stamped his hind feet in the soft earth in front of the log so as to make a rabbit



track to help fool Mr. Wolf. And, upon the advice of Peggy Woodpecker, he pulled a piece of white fur off his breast and stuck it on the end of the log just as though it had caught there accidentally.

But where could Jimmy Bunn hide so as to see the fun when old Mr. Wolf came along?

Peggy gave him an idea. "Come right up to my house," she said.

"Your house?" replied Jimmy. "The idea! How could I climb up to your house?"

"Why, that's easy," said Peggy. "Do you see a hole right there at the bottom of that tree, where those red ants are working? Well that's my cellar door."

Jimmy ran over and looked, and sure enough there was a big hole right near



the ground and a lot of sawdust running out of it.

“Those red ants do that,” said Peggy. “They have a home, too, in this old tree, and they have made a big stairway leading right up to my nest. It’s a pretty steep stairway, but I believe you can climb it, for that old tree leans over sideways a good bit. Suppose you try it and see.”

So Jimmy Bunn walked in at the hole and began to scratch and climb up the old sawdusty stairway that had once been the heart of that fine old chestnut tree.

It was very hard work and very dusty work, but Jimmy stuck to it—which is, you know, the only way, after all, to get anything done.

So after a while Jimmy squeezed up to Peggy Woodpecker’s nest, which was in a little side-pocket shelf and then



he found that by putting his front paws on the edge of the hole he could look right out of doors and see pretty nearly everything.

My, but it was nice up there! He could see his old home in the bank, and the Big Pond, and Farmer Johnson's house. He began to wish that he could live in just such a place himself.

"I wish my mother could come up here sometime," he said to Peggy Woodpecker.

"Some day I'm going to invite—" Then suddenly, *rat-tat-tat* went Peggy. "Look, Jimmy! look!" she called excitedly.

Jimmy looked with all his eyes and then he grew as still as a mouse.

Away over there by the edge of the woods he could see something moving. It crept slowly out into the sunshine and



began to steal along toward the hollow log in front of the tree where Jimmy Bunn was hiding.

Jimmy hardly breathed and his eyes grew very big and round. It was Mr. Wolf, coming to visit the hollow log.

Yes, it was Mr. Wolf, and no mistake, and he came straight for that hollow log.

He looked very cross, too, for he had about made up his mind that Jimmy was n't really there. But he was going to have just *one more* last peek, at any rate, to make sure.

You know sometimes when you are hunting for a thing you have mislaid, you often go and look for it again in the very same place you have looked only a few moments before, even though you just *know* it is n't there.

Well, that is the way Mr. Wolf felt about Jimmy Bunny and the hollow log.



Yet when Mr. Wolf got to that hollow log and saw those fresh bunny tracks, all his anger vanished and he began to chuckle. And when he saw that bit of rabbit fur on the edge of the hole and had peered into the end of the log and saw there what he thought was Jimmy, he laughed right out loud.

But Mr. Wolf did n't do *all* the laughing, for Jimmy, from his lookout perch in the tree, was giggling softly to himself. And Peggy Woodpecker had to giggle, too.

Mr. Wolf could n't see Jimmy, because he never thought of looking up there for anybody, but he glanced severely at Peggy Woodpecker.

"What are *you* laughing at?" he said, growling.

Peggy rat-tat-tatted on the old stump and smiled knowingly.



“Oh, I was thinking of a very good joke I heard this morning,” said she.

“Well, I don’t care anything about *your* jokes,” said Mr. Wolf. “You attend to your business of looking for grubs and I ’ll attend to *mine*.”

Then Mr. Wolf began searching for a long stick.

He found one presently—a very long stick, with a broken branch on the end of it like a fish-hook. And he began to reach carefully into that old log and suddenly he began to pull hard. He was sure he had caught Jimmy Bunn this time.

He pulled and grunted and grunted and at last out came the stick and with it popped the rusty rat-trap covered with the old woodchuck skin.

Mr. Wolf was so excited over his luck that he never even stopped to look care-





Then there was a great noise







fully, but dropped the stick and jumped right on top of his prize. *Snap!* went his jaws.

He bit so hard he broke one of his teeth on the trap and filled his mouth full of old woodchuck hair.

Then there was a great noise.

Peggy Woodpecker flapped her wings and laughed hoarsely.

Bushy Tail, the gray squirrel, who had been watching things from a beech-nut tree, chattered like a monkey. Connie Coon, who was sleeping in the top of a tree near by, waked up and stretched his neck to see what all the rumpus was about. As for Jimmy Bunn, he laughed so hard that he lost his hold on the edge of the hole and nearly fell out on the ground.

"Do you see my joke now?" screamed Peggy Woodpecker. "Ha, ha, ha! it's



a good one, is n't it?" and she rat-tat-tatted till all the bugs in that old stump thought the end of the world was coming.

Mr. Wolf did n't say a word, but the look he gave Peggy was a terrible one.

He glanced at that old woodchuck skin in great surprise and then suddenly he remembered that his wife had told him to be home early that day. Putting his tail between his legs, he ske-daddled right back into the forest as fast as his legs would carry him.

After he disappeared, Jimmy Bunn climbed down and ran home lick-et-y-split, to tell his mother all about it, while Connie Coon smiled to himself and promptly went to sleep again.

As for Peggy Woodpecker, she at once flew away to find all her friends as quickly as possible and tell them how



she and Jimmy Bunn had that morning played the greatest joke of their whole lives on old Mr. Wolf.



## PETER PORCUPINE'S ADVENTURE

THERE are always so many interesting things to be discovered in the Deep Woods and along the shores of the Big Pond, that Jimmy Bunn often neglects to look after the daily duties his mother points out to him.

She really does n't ask him to do much and you would think he *would* put his toys away after playing with them and also try to keep his face and hands clean, would n't you?

But this particular morning was so warm and pleasant that Jimmy decided to put off doing anything useful, so he skipped out of the house very early and started for the Big Pond.



When he got there he sat down near the shore and waited to see the little fishes jump out of the water, which they often did in trying to escape from the great, big greedy fish who wanted to eat them.

Fishes, you know, are really cannibals; which means that they will eat one another whenever they are hungry and can catch little neighbors of theirs who are much smaller than themselves.

After a while Jimmy got tired watching the fish jump and was just about to hop away when whom should he see coming toward him but Peter Porcupine.

Peter's quilly coat was lying smooth and flat, just like a boy's hair when he has it nicely brushed for a party.

It is always that way when Peter is quiet and contented, but when he gets



angry, or when, as Mr. Shakspeare says, he is "fretful," his quills all fluff up until he looks like a great big pin-cushion full of very long, curved needles.

"Good morning, Peter," said Jimmy. "What 's the news?"

"There is n't any," replied Peter, "except that I am pretty hungry."

"What kinds of things do you like to eat?" said Jimmy.

"Oh, all kinds," replied Peter, "but what I really prefer are the nice tidbits that hunters and fishermen leave on the ground after lunch. I also like the bark of trees; you can see where I've been gnawing them all around here. And then besides I often eat wooden floors."

"Wooden floors!" said Jimmy, in astonishment. "You must be trying to



fool me, Peter Porcupine. Nobody eats wooden floors."

"Well, *I* do," said Peter, "that is to say, I go into hunters' and lumbermen's cabins and gnaw holes in the floor, to get the grease where they've spilled soup and gravy on the boards. Sometimes when hunters come back here after being away all spring and summer, they can almost fall into some of the holes I've gnawed, they are so big. I ought n't to do it, I know, but then, they have no right to come into my woods and cut down my trees."

"Why, you must have teeth like a rat!" said Jimmy.

"Well, I have," said Peter, "and I know how to use them, too. But of course nobody bothers me much, on account of my quills.



"You see, each quill has a tiny barb on the end of it like a fish-hook and when the quills get into one's skin they don't come out very easily. I've seen a dog that had tried to bite me get his nose so full of my quills that it looked like a pin-cushion. And how he did howl about it!"

"Gracious!" said Jimmy, "I should think he would! Does n't it hurt *you* when they come out?"

"No, indeed," replied Peter Porcupine. "I can lose thousands of 'em and more keep right on growing in their places."

"I've never seen your house," said Jimmy. "Where do you live?"

"Oh, I live in a den near here under some old tree roots," replied Peter Porcupine. "I can climb trees, too," he continued, "not so fast of course as Bushy



Tail, the gray squirrel, but in my slow way I get there just the same. 'Slow and sure' is my motto. Some folks, when they start out to do things, rush ahead so fast they often make mistakes.

"I've climbed some of the highest trees in these woods. Look up there and you'll see some of my careful work—there where those strips of bark are taken off. I can peel it off as neatly as a carpenter could."

"Does n't it kill the trees to peel off the bark all around like that?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes, I suppose it does," replied Peter Porcupine, "but who cares? There are plenty of trees around here, anyway."

"Why, you have quills on your tail, too!" exclaimed Jimmy, looking at his friend more at-ten-tive-ly.

"Sure, I have," replied Peter, "and



when anybody bothers me I swish it around, and if it hits any one the quills stab in pretty deep. There's a big fish jumping out there somewhere. I can hear him."

Jimmy looked out across the Big Pond.

Sure enough, it *was* a big fish, but he was on the end of a hook and line and there were three canoes, with two fishermen and a guide in each one. They had come in very close, and very silently too, so as not to scare the fish, and they were evidently going to land right where Jimmy and Peter were talking.

"Hurry, hurry, Peter, and hide yourself!" exclaimed Jimmy, as he himself jumped into some thick bushes. Then he turned and looked back; he wanted to see what Peter Porcupine would do.

It was just as Peter had said—he never



hurried. Quietly and clumsily, Jimmy thought, he began to climb the trunk of a small though tall pine-tree, which grew near the foot of a hill close to the water's edge.

There were no branches on it except near the top and Jimmy watched Peter as he slowly shinned upward and then sat down on a limb near the top. He was all humped up and Jimmy thought he looked like a great big rat.

Pretty soon the fishermen's canoes grated on the sandy beach and the men got out of them and walked up on the shore. Jimmy saw that several of them were carrying a number of fine fat salmon, whose silver scales glistened in the sun.

Jimmy guessed those men were getting ready for dinner and he was right, for soon one of the guides started a fire



and another went down to the shore to dress the fish.

"I wonder if any of them will spy Peter Porcupine in the top of that pine-tree," thought Jimmy.

Goodness! The thought was scarcely out of his head when a fisherman who had been lying down on the thick carpet of pine-needles looked right up at Peter's perch and exclaimed:

"Hello! there's an old porcupine right up there in that pine-tree! Let's try to shake him out."

"Dear me!" thought Jimmy. "I hoped they wouldn't see Peter Porcupine up there, but I don't really believe they can shake a high tree like that one."

And they couldn't. Try as hard as they might to shake that tree, all those men could do was to wiggle it a bit. And while Jimmy was n't exactly sure,



it *seemed* to him as though Peter Porcupine looked down at him and winked.

“Oh, pshaw!” said one of the men at last, “we never can shake him out of that tree! But if we got a rope and tied it to the top, right under his perch, and then we got up on that hill just back of the pond and pulled on it, we could bend that pine-tree away back over our heads; and then if we suddenly let go, the tree would quickly snap back and throw old Mr. Porcupine away out into the pond. He probably needs a bath, anyway. Let ’s try it.”

“Gee whillikens,” thought Jimmy, “but men are very in-gen-ious! And they don’t care what they do if only they have what they call *fun*.”

So one of the men got a long rope and then a guide climbed the tree and fastened one end right under the limb where



Peter Porcupine sat. Then the guide came down again and all the men took hold of the other end of the rope and, going up the hill a way, they all pulled on it as hard as they could pull.

Then very slowly the tree began to bend back until the top of it was almost over the men's heads.

"Gracious!" thought Jimmy. "I wonder if Peter Porcupine knows what they are trying to do. I hope he hangs on good and tight."

Just then one of the men shouted, "Let her go!" and *snap!* went the tree, back to its old position.

The force of that snap was almost too much for Peter Porcupine, although he dug his long claws into the bark as hard as he could and held on for dear life.

But his hind feet just could n't stand the strain. They had to let go and he





Fastened one end right under the limb where Peter Porcupine sat







straightened out in the air so that his body looked just like a flag, when it flies out straight from a flag-pole in a strong breeze.

But Peter Porcupine never lost hope and he did the very best he could in the circumstances.

He clung all the *harder* with his front claws, for he was resolved never, never to let them throw him out into that lake.

Peter *can* swim, but he just made up his mind he would n't take a bath that morning unless he had to.

Then, as the top of the tree stopped waving, he managed to grab hold again with his hind feet and there he clung as before, sorely shaken, but tri-um-phant.

Jimmy Bunn, in his hiding-place among the bushes, felt just like clapping his hands and shouting, "Good! good! good for you, Peter Porcupine!" but



of course he knew better than to do it.

However, those men were not the least bit discouraged.

They had seen how *near* they had come to giving Peter a bath and were going to try it again. This time, in order to be *sure*, they resolved to bend the tree over much farther, before letting go.

So they seized the rope again and then all together, with every bit of strength they had, they pulled that pine-tree over until it actually began to crack.

And just then—just as Peter Porcupine was right above them—one of the big roots of the tree snapped off short and down came Peter Porcupine, tree and all, right on top of their heads.

My, how they yelled and fell all over themselves and scrambled around! Nobody was hurt, but the branches



scratched their faces and hands and old Peter Porcupine got such a shaking up that the air was just full of his long, sharp, needle-like quills.

And some of those quills stuck in the men's hair and some in their arms and hands, so that they roared with pain. And while all this was going on Peter Porcupine decided that he had stayed around those parts too long anyway, so off he skipped into the bushes and disappeared.

And Jimmy Bunn thought it was time for *him* to disappear, too.

Perhaps he suddenly remembered those things his mother wanted him to do at home.

Anyway, that's where he went, just as fast as his legs could carry him.



## JIMMY BUNN MEETS GREENY THE FROG

**H**AVE I ever told you the story—no of course I never have, but I will—of how Jimmy Bunn first got acquainted with Greeny the frog and how Greeny helped him?

Well, it was this way.

You see, it had n't rained for a very, very long while, and the little brook where Jimmy usually drank was all dried up.

And the water in the Big Pond, too, was so low that you could n't get a drink there without getting your feet all muddy.

Rabbits, you know, very, very seldom drink, anyway, but once in a while they get thirsty.



You know how *you* get thirsty, sometimes, right after you go to bed, and call for Mother to bring you in a glass of water? Yes, of course you do.

Well one very hot day Jimmy Bunn got thirsty and he crept out of his hole to look for a drink.

Now, near by—in fact, right in front of Farmer Johnson's barn—was a deep well.

Jimmy Bunn knew it was a well because he had often seen Farmer Johnson draw water out of it for his cows. And Farmer Johnson always left the wooden bucket hanging right over the well so he could lower it with a long chain, one end of which was tied to the bucket and the other end wound around a big, long handle.

When Farmer Johnson dropped the bucket into the well it would go down,



down, down, and the handle would turn round and round and round, faster and faster, so fast you could hardly see it turn at all.

Then the bucket would hit the water away down in the well, *ker-splash!* and then Farmer Johnson would slowly wind up the handle and by and by up would come the bucket full of cold, clear water.

Almost always there was at least a little water left in that big bucket, so Jimmy Bunn hopped over to in-ves-ti-gate. That's a long word, is n't it? That is because it means to try to find out about things.

Now, old Mr. Wolf happened to be out, too, that morning, and he saw Jimmy Bunn walking up to the well. And so he smiled to himself and trotted right up behind him, walking on the tip-



top of his toes so as not to make the least bit of noise.

Goodness! how carefully old Mr. Wolf did walk! Nobody, not even Furry Fox or Farmer Johnson's white cat, could walk more softly than did Mr. Wolf that morning. He just didn't make any noise at all.

Jimmy Bunn never heard him—no siree, he didn't, even if his pink-lined ears did stick right up straight in the air.

Honestly and truly, Jimmy Bunn was n't even thinking about Mr. Wolf.

Now, very early that morning, right after Yellow Legs, the big white rooster, had begun to crow, Mrs. Farmer Johnson had taken her shiny milk-pans to the well to rinse them out and she had left them there to dry in the sun.

And the first thing Jimmy Bunn knew he looked right at one of those shiny



pans and saw his own re-flec-tion, just as you see *your* face when you look in the mirror, in the morning, to comb your hair.

And that was n't *all* Jimmy saw in that shiny milk-pan—no indeed!

For, as he looked at himself, his heart gave a great big *thump*, and then almost stopped beating, because right there in that shiny pan he saw old Mr. Wolf's re-flec-tion too.

Goodness, gracious, but Jimmy Bunn thought he was caught! Because Mr. Wolf was just about an *inch* behind him.

Still, you know, Jimmy never gives up—no indeed!

It is never wise to give up a thing—that is, to give up a good thing—when once you have started on it. So just as Mr. Wolf jumped, Jimmy jumped. He really had no idea *where* he was going to



jump and I 'll be jiggered if he did n't land right *ker-splash!* in the middle of that bucket.

And the water in it splashed right into Mr. Wolf's eyes and made him shut them tight so he could n't, for a second or two, see a thing.

And then suddenly the bucket with Jimmy in it began to run down, down, down into the well, faster and faster and faster.

And the handle with which Farmer Johnson used to wind it up, began to turn faster and faster and faster, too.

Yes indeed, it turned as fast as anything and it struck Mr. Wolf right under his ear—*bang!*—and knocked him down and made him see stars, so that he ran back into the woods and howled very loud. In fact, he was so blinded by the water and had been hit so hard by that



old handle, that he had n't ever *seen* where Jimmy had gone.

Poor Jimmy was dreadfully frightened. He did n't know what was going to happen and all of a sudden—*splash!*—the bucket struck the water in the bottom of the old well.

The bucket sank into the water right up to the edge and Jimmy sat in the cold water right up to his neck, with his paws on the rim.

As soon as he got his breath he looked up, and there, way, way above him, was a small round patch of blue sky and that was all he could see.

It was pretty dark at the bottom of the well, but after a while Jimmy found he could see the water and a lot of stones. And just then he heard somebody give a sort of a funny croaking laugh and say, "Ker-chug! Ker-chug!"



Jimmy looked around and there on a stone at the side of the well, near the water, he saw two round friendly eyes and a wide mouth and a big head.

It was Greeny the frog.

“My goodness!” said Jimmy. “I didn’t know you lived down here. It isn’t a very dry house, is it?”

“No,” said Greeny, “it isn’t, but I like it here. There are good things to eat and no bad boys to throw stones at me.”

“I don’t believe I’d like it,” said Jimmy, shivering. “I wish I were back in my clover patch. Mister Wolf chased me in here. How shall I ever, ever get back?”

“Don’t worry,” replied Greeny. “You sit right there; you won’t freeze. By and by some one will come after water and then they’ll pull you right up



again. I ride up, myself, sometimes, to see my friends."

"But how do you ever get back again?" asked Jimmy.

Greeny smiled.

"How did *you* just get down here?" he said. "Well, I come down the same way when Farmer Johnson is n't looking. One day I fell down all the way by myself and nearly broke my neck."

"Is Mrs. Greeny here, too?" asked Jimmy Bunn, wonderingly?

"Yes," said Greeny, "she's down under the water there now, looking after Taddy and his sisters. We are all of us tadpoles at first, you know."

"What are tadpoles?" asked Jimmy Bunn, shivering.

"Why, don't you know?" said Greeny. "They are really little frogs with long



wiggly tails. It does n't seem to me you know very much."

"Well, I did n't know that," said Jimmy. "Where do their tails go to when they grow up? *You* have n't any tail."

"Of course not," replied Greeny. "Taddies' tails begin to grow shorter and shorter as they get older, and by and by they are all gone. You have n't much of a tail yourself, you know. But maybe your tail was longer when you were little."

"Maybe it was," replied Jimmy. "Anyway, I don't remember about it. Do you suppose Farmer Johnson will come for water soon? It's very damp down here. I wonder if I could climb out by myself."

"I would n't advise you to try it," said Greeny. "Those stones are very slip-



perly. You just be patient. Patience, you know, is a virtue."

"What 's a virtue?" asked Jimmy.

"Virtue," said Greeny, "is something good."

"Good to eat?" asked Jimmy, who thought about things to eat rather oftener than he should.

"No, indeed," replied Greeny. "Virtue means being honest, or thoughtful, or kind, or truthful, beside a lot more things. You get your mother to tell you about it sometime; and ask her, too, if she ever heard something about truth being found at the bottom of a well."

"I 'll try to remember," said Jimmy. And just at that moment the chain gave a rattle and the bucket began to tip.

"Mercy on us!" groaned Jimmy. "What 's that?"



"That's probably Farmer Johnson after water," replied Greeny. "Hold on tight. I think you're going to have another ride."

So Jimmy held on hard and then the bucket, with Jimmy in it, began to rise, up, up, up.

He leaned over the side and looked down. "Good-by, Greeny," he said. "I'll try to remember all you've told me. Good-by."

"Good luck to *you*," replied Greeny and *splash!* he dived off his rock and disappeared.

Up, up, up went Jimmy, very steadily out of the darkness into the clear light above.

He looked down once and he *thought* he could see Greeny looking up at him with his bright eyes.

Up, up, up, and presently a little ray



of warm sunshine shot across the bucket and safe, but dripping wet, Jimmy at last found himself on the edge of the old well.

All this time, while Farmer Johnson had been winding up the bucket, he had been talking to his wife, who had come after her milk-pans, and so he had n't looked at the bucket coming up at all, although it seemed to him to be extra heavy that morning.

Then, as it landed on the edge of the well, he heard all of a sudden a swish and a bump, and a spray of clear, cold water flew all over him.

He wiped his eyes and looked down in amazement to see a very wet and terribly scared white bunny give another mighty leap from the old well platform and run off as fast as anything, across the grass.

“Je-ru-sa-lem!” exclaimed Farmer





“Je-ru-sa-lem!”







Johnson to his wife. "Did you see that rabbit? I must have pulled him up out of the well in the bucket. How in the world he ever got down in that well beats me."

And yet, if Farmer Johnson had only known it, there was a wise old green frog at the bottom, who, if he had wanted to, could have told him the whole story.



## JIMMY BUNN AND THE TORTOISE

**I**T is very, very quiet over on the farther shore of the Big Pond.

The trees come right down to the water's edge and on still, clear days it looks just as though they were growing upside down in the water.

When the wind blows, the little waves go *lap, lap, lap* against the stones and there are big, flat, green, round lily-pads floating there.

Once in a while there is a tiny ripple among the pads and a fat green frog pokes his nose to the surface and watches you with big, goggly eyes.

Then there is an old black log near



the shore and when the sun is shining brightly you can see Mr. and Mrs. Teddy Turtle and the whole family of little turtles resting on it.

The shore of the Big Pond is Jimmie's favorite place and he knows nearly all of the folks who live there, including Mr. Crawley Snake, who spends most of his time there hunting for bugs and very little fishes, because Crawley Snake is a fine swimmer.

It is very cool there, too, on a hot summer day, and Jimmy likes to take his lunch and be gone all the morning there, watching his friends and looking for his favorite bunches of clover with which to top off his meal.

On this particular morning Jimmy had got there early and was right down by the water's edge, when he opened his eyes in amazement.



There, half-way out of the water, was the very biggest turtle that he had ever seen.

Jimmy was n't sure at first that it *was* a turtle, it was so tre-men-dous.

Honestly, it was nearly as big as the round table in your living-room that the lamp sits on.

Its head looked like an enormous butternut, and its nose turned right up at the end, a good deal like the tip of a cow's horn, and its tail looked like the tip of Crawley Snake's tail.

"Mercy on us!" thought Jimmy; "this is certainly the king of turtles."

"Good morning," said the giant at last. "You are Jimmy Bunn, are n't you?"

Jimmy nodded in a friendly manner. "Yes, I am," he replied. "Do you mind telling me *your* name?"





“Mercy on us!” thought Jimmy, “this is certainly the king of turtles”







“No indeed,” said the stranger, “I am Mr. Thomas Tortoise.”

“Crickity!” exclaimed Jimmy. “I thought you were a *turtle*.”

“Well, in a way, I am,” went on Thomas Tortoise, “but I ’m different for all that. Don’t you see how high the middle of my back is?”

Sure enough, his back was humped on top, like pictures of camels Jimmy had seen at school.

“I ’m different, too, in other ways that I have n’t time to explain,” went on Mr. Tortoise. “How old do you think I am?”

“Gracious!” replied Jimmy, looking at his big shell, “I guess you must be ten years old.”

“Ten!” said Thomas, scornfully. “I reckon I am. If I live till the fall, and I certainly expect to, I shall be a hundred.”



"A hundred!" gasped Jimmy, in amazement. "It does n't seem possible."

"Well, it is," said Thomas. "I can remember when most of these trees here were as small as weeds and Farmer Johnson was a baby."

Jimmy sat down and pinched himself to see if he was awake. He just could n't understand it.

"Do you live in the water?" he asked at last.

"No," replied Thomas Tortoise, "I don't, although I can swim as well as anybody. I live mostly on the land."

"I should n't think you could travel very fast," said Jimmy, looking at his friend's short legs. "It must take you a long while to get anywhere. I can run like anything, myself."

Mr. Thomas Tortoise smiled indul-



gently and very slowly closed his eyes and opened them again. "So you think you can travel fast," he went on. "Well, my great, great, great-grandfather once ran a famous race with one of your relatives and beat him. Badly, too. Have you never heard the story of the Hare and the Tortoise?"

"No, I never have," replied Jimmy, much astonished. "Tell me about it."

"Oh, it's too long to tell now," said Thomas. "You ask your mother about it when you get home; she knows the story, I suppose."

"Where's your house?" said Jimmy, to conceal his disappointment, for he wanted very much to hear about the race.

"I have n't any," replied Thomas. "My wife, Mrs. Tortoise, lays her eggs in the sun almost anywhere about here and they hatch out all by themselves."



Sometimes she lays hundreds of 'em."

"I kind of think he's spoofing me," thought Jimmy, "for that's a pretty big story, all by itself." But he did n't speak his thoughts. Sometimes, you know, it's best to keep still when you are n't *sure* of a thing, especially when you are with strangers.

"Are n't you cold in the winter?" he asked, to change the subject.

"No indeed," replied Thomas Tortoise. "When it begins to get cold I bury myself away down deep in the mud and stay there till spring, fast asleep."

"What! and not eat anything?" exclaimed Jimmy, who, as you know, is almost always thinking about his meals. "I should think you 'd starve to death."

"Nonsense!" said Thomas Tortoise. "I guess, after all, you don't know very much," he went on, rather impolitely,



Jimmy thought. "What's that over there?"

Jimmy turned his head quickly and looked.

Right by the edge of the woods and not very far away he saw something that looked black in the sunlight.

At first Jimmy thought it was a log. Then it moved and Jimmie's heart gave an awful thump, for there, creeping toward them very carefully, so that he might not make a sound, was old Mr. Wolf.

He was so near that Jimmy knew he just never could get to his home in the hillside in time.

What should he do? He was so frightened he could n't think.

"Oh, Thomas Tortoise," he cried at last, "there comes Mr. Wolf! If you can run fast, as you told me your great,



great-grandfather could, take me on your back and save me. Hurry! hurry!"

Thomas Tortoise grinned and all at once he began to turn around in the other direction.

"You get on my back quick 's you can," he said.

Jimmy did n't doubt Mr. Tortoise for one instant now. He gave one quick bound and scrambled on Thomas's back and clung as best he could to that rather slippery surface.

And then, to Jimmie's great surprise, Mr. Tortoise pushed out his great, strong legs and walked right into the Big Pond.

My, but Jimmy was scared! Of course he was terribly afraid of Mr. Wolf, but he was also terribly afraid of the water and here he was being carried



right out toward the middle of the Big Pond.

Mr. Wolf was coming up with great leaps. He got to the edge of the water and came right in after them; right up to his stomach, snapping his jaws and splashing the water all over poor Jimmy.

But those mighty legs and huge claw feet of Thomas Tortoise were churning the water into foam just like the paddle-wheels of a steamer and he was going so fast that Jimmy almost believed that story Mr. Tortoise had told him about the race.

As for old Mr. Wolf, he took another look and hesitated. He did n't like the water, either, and he saw that Mr. Tortoise knew a whole lot more about swimming than he did and could move a whole lot faster in the water than he could.

So he backed out, all wet and mad as



he could be, and very much disappointed, for he had thought he was going to dine off of a fat bunny that day, for sure.

He looked at Jimmy and Mr. Tortoise, who by now were far out toward the middle of the pond, and he started to run around it. But he saw that, fast as he could run, he would be too late to catch them.

As for Jimmy, just as soon as he found that he had escaped Mr. Wolf and that Thomas Tortoise's high back was as dry as his own bed, he really began to enjoy his sail.

He actually stood up straight on his hind legs and looked all around. He hoped at least some of his friends would see him. Certainly he felt very, very proud, now that all danger was surely past.



“It’s nice out here, isn’t it?” said Thomas Tortoise, presently.

“It’s perfectly wonderful,” said Jimmy, looking back at old Mr. Wolf. “Some day I’m going to learn to swim myself.”

“Everybody ought to learn to do that,” replied Thomas Tortoise, wisely. “One never knows when it will come in very handy.”

The water in the Big Pond was very smooth that day and Mr. Thomas Tortoise swam carefully and steadily and it wasn’t very long before they reached the beach on the other side and Thomas crept up to where it was nice and dry and hard.

Jimmy jumped off. “Mr. Tortoise,” he said, gratefully, “*how* I am ever going to thank you enough, I don’t know. You certainly saved my life.” And



then he had a very generous thought.

He looked right into Thomas Tortoise's eyes and said:

“Honestly and truly, I really did n't believe at first that story you told me about your great, great, great-grandfather winning that race, but I *do* believe it now, and I 'm going to ask my mother to tell me all about it to-night before I go to bed.”



## THE ADVENTURE OF CONNIE COON

**D**O you remember my telling you about Jimmy Bunn having met Connie Coon, and how Connie hid in the tree and came near being caught by the hunters and their dog?

Many times since then Jimmy had thought about Connie and had looked for him everywhere, but he had never even caught a glimpse of him.

Then one beautiful autumn afternoon, while Jimmy was walking near the shore of the Big Pond, he heard a voice exclaim:

“Hello, Jimmy Bunn! How are *you* this afternoon?”



Jimmy looked all about, but he could n't see a soul.

And then he heard somebody laugh and say, "Why don't you look *up*?" and Jimmy, gazing into the air, looked right into the eyes of Connie Coon. He was stretched out on the limb of an old oak-tree right over Jimmy's head.

"Why, Connie Coon! How do you do! Come on down," said Jimmy, cordially.

"Ha, ha!" replied Connie, with a grin, "that 's what Davy Crockett once said to one of my ancestors." And he began to back down the trunk of the tree.

"Who 's Davy Crockett?" asked Jimmy. "And what are ancestors?"

"You ask your father who Davy Crockett was," said Connie Coon. "As for ancestors, they are your relations who lived very, very long ago—hundreds of



years, maybe. You don't suppose, do you, that your father and mother were the *first* rabbits ever born?"

"I can remember Grandfather Rabbit," said Jimmy, not wishing to appear ignorant. "Grandmother Rabbit was shot by a hunter before I was born."

"Hunters do a great deal of harm," replied Connie Coon, as he reached the ground and sat down on the grass. "I suppose I know more about hunters and their ways than everybody else in these woods put together. And that reminds me—where do you think I've been?"

"I've no idea," replied Jimmy. "But you've been gone a long, long time."

"You couldn't in a thousand years guess where I've been," went on Connie Coon. "Nobody could guess to save his life. I've been in a *menagerie*."

"Gracious!" said Jimmy Bunn. "Do



you mean one of those places where there are lots of different animals in cages?" he continued breathlessly.

"Right-o," said Connie. "That's exactly where I've been, but, thank goodness, I've got away at last. Look at my coat, all frazzled to pieces, and my claws grown so long I can hardly climb a tree. It's enough to make one cry his eyes out. You see there was nothing to do in that menagerie at all. What a terrible smell there was, too!

"My, but it's nice to breathe fine fresh air again! The trouble is that nobody appreciates his blessings till he loses them. You know we 'never miss the water till the well runs dry.' "

"Tell me all about your adventures," begged Jimmy, excitedly. "Seems as though I just could n't wait a minute."

"Well," said Connie, stopping a mo-





"I've been in a menagerie"







ment to lick a sore place on one of his front paws, where the fur was all rubbed off, "you see it was this way:

"One night, while out hunting, I very foolishly walked right into the open door of a hunter's cabin. I was very hungry, and besides I was curious to see what it looked like inside. Too much curiosity sometimes gets one into a lot of trouble, does n't it?"

"It certainly does," said Jimmy, remembering that adventure of his when he had journeyed to the Green Hill.

"Yes," continued Connie, "I walked right in at that door and before you could say 'Jack Robinson,' somebody threw a blanket over my head and rolled me up into a ball.

"I bit and clawed, I can tell you, but it did n't do any good and then, whoever it was that had caught me dumped



me right out into a barrel and put a board across the top.

“Then I heard some one say, ‘There! you *will* come visiting without an invitation, will you?’

“Soon after that I heard another hunter come in and the first man said, ‘Say, John, guess what I ’ve got in that barrel.’

“ ‘Oh, onions,’ said the man named John.

“ ‘Onions nothing!’ replied the first hunter. ‘I ’ve caught a live coon.’ And then he shoved the board over a little and they both looked in at me.

“ ‘He walked right in at that door,’ said the first man, ‘just as I was making my bed and, having the blanket in my hands, I threw it right over him. I reckon I ’ll kill him in the morning.’ ”

“Gee-whillikins!” exclaimed Jimmy



Bunn, opening both eyes very wide. "I should think that would have frightened you to death."

"Well, it did scare me some," admitted Connie, "although, of course, I did n't intend that they should kill me without my putting up a good fight. But at that the other man said, 'Oh, I would n't do that. Coon skin are not much good in the summer. They are not long and thick enough.' "

"Is your coat really short and thin in summer?" interrupted Jimmy Bunn.

"Yes, I 'll have to admit it is," replied Connie, "but it gets long and thick and silky in the winter, because then I need it that way to keep out the cold. Hunters who want my coat don't bother me any in the summer.

"Well, anyway, the second man kept right on and said, 'No, I would n't kill



him. Give him to me and I'll put him in a cage in the park.' So, to make a long story short, they shook me right out of that barrel, head first, into a potato-bag. But I had the satisfaction of giving one of them a good bite before they finally tied me up."

"Could n't you claw a hole in the bag in the night and get out?" asked Jimmy.

"No," answered Connie, "because they put me right back into the barrel, bag and all.

"Then the next morning I was carried out into a road and then I had my first ride in an automobile."

"A *real* automobile?" asked Jimmy, staring with all his eyes.

"Certainly," replied Connie Coon. "It was a Flivver automobile, because that's what the man called it, a Flivver."

"Was it comfortable?" asked Jimmy.



“Well, it bumped a good deal,” replied Connie, “and I think the bumping must have hurt it, for it squeaked awfully each time it bumped.

“Then after a long, long time, we came to a railroad. Of course I could n’t see anything, but I heard a lot of choo-chooing and then I was put on the train and I was so tired by that time that I went sound asleep.

“When I woke up I had another ride, this time in a wagon—I could hear the horse trot—and then I was shaken out into a cage.

“I was very thirsty, and hungry too, and a man came along and put a dish of water into the cage and an ear of sweet corn.

“I hated to eat with somebody looking at me, but I just could n’t help it; I was almost starved.



“Then I looked around and—what do you think? There was a cage full of monkeys right in front of me and beside that was a big spotted animal with small legs and a neck that reached up as high as Farmer Johnson’s big haystack.”

“Oh, goodness!” said Jimmy. “I’ve never heard of such a thing in all my life. I don’t wish to be impolite, but that’s a very hard story to believe, Connie. Will you please say, ‘honest and true,’ to that and cross your throat?”

So Connie Coon crossed his throat and said: “Honest and true, that animal’s neck was as high as Farmer Johnson’s haystack.”

Jimmy Bunn drew a long breath. Certainly Connie Coon had seen some strange sights—there could be no mistake about that.

“There were many other queer ani-



mals there," continued Connie, "and some queer birds, too. I am sure they were birds.

"One of the birds had legs so long that he could have stood under an apple tree and picked the apples right off with his bill. He had feathers on him, so I'm sure he was a bird, but I never saw him do any flying. He just walked around all day."

Jimmy Bunn had never heard of such wonders before.

He wrinkled his pink nose and just stared and stared and stared at Connie Coon.

He was so amazed he could n't even think to ask another question. That is to say, he could n't ask one right that minute.

"But the animals and birds were not the funniest things there," went on Con-



nie. "The *funniest* things were the people I saw.

"They did n't seem to have any sense.

"Why, they gave me chewing-gum and pickles and peppermints to eat—threw them at me, in fact. And one man said I was a fox, and a boy told his mother I was Mr. Wolf and that I ate little children, and a big policeman had the nerve to say I was a *skunk*.

"Those people were so foolish I just turned my back on them and pretended I was asleep."

Just at that moment Jimmy had heard a faint splash. He glanced behind him and there, coming across a bend in the big Pond was a boat with two men in it.

One of them was rowing and the other had a gun across his knees.

Jimmy quickly turned to warn Connie Coon about that man with the gun.



But Connie's ears had caught the sound of that faint splash just as quickly as had Jimmy Bunn's, even if his ears *were* a good deal smaller than Jimmy's.

So when Jimmy Bunn turned to warn him about those men and the boat, there was nobody there. Connie Coon had *vanished*.

"Dear me!" thought Jimmy Bunn, as he silently hopped away into the bushes.

"Dear me! and he left me just as I was going to ask him the most *importantest* question of all.

"I wonder if I shall ever see him again."



## THE BURNING OF FARMER JOHNSON'S HAYSTACK

**T**HIS is the story of how Farmer Johnson's big haystack caught fire and of the very strange adventure which befell Jimmy Bunn on that night.

Nobody, not even Jimmy, really knows to this day just how that big haystack happened to burn up.

Everybody had a different idea about it.

Mrs. Connie Coon thought that perhaps her two children, Frisky and Ring Tail, had been playing near it with matches. She knew they sometimes *did* disobey her and play with matches, although she had told them over and over again not to do it.



Farmer Johnson thought that his hired man might have fallen asleep near the big haystack (sometimes he did, you know) and set it afire with his pipe.

Teddy Turtle said he believed it was struck by lightning, but of course there was n't any lightning that night (Teddy Turtle does n't know much, anyway), and Crawley Snake was sure that a fire-fly did it, because he said he frequently saw a lot of them over by the swamp near his house and they were very fiery-looking fireflies indeed.

But Mrs. Connie Coon and Farmer Johnson and Teddy Turtle and Crawley Snake were all wrong about it.

Now, you listen very carefully and I will tell you the truth about the matter.

You see, Jimmy Bunn had made a kite. It was a great, big kite. In fact, it was a good deal bigger than Jimmy, even



when he stood up on his hind legs. Yes, it was a great deal bigger.

It was really a wonderful kite and Jimmy used to fly it from the top of the Sandy Hillside with a very long ball of twine.

It would fly up so high that when the string was all let out you could hardly see it at all. And when the wind blew hard it used to pull on the string like everything, so that Jimmy had to dig his toes into the sand very deep to keep it from pulling him right up into the air.

Why, the first time that Bright Eyes, the hawk, saw that big kite, he thought it was a giant eagle and he was so frightened that he flew away into the woods as fast as he could fly.

Now, one evening, just as Jimmy Bunn was going to bed, he happened to see Farmer Johnson with a lantern in his



hand, coming in from milking his cows, and that lantern put an idea into Jimmy Bunn's head.

Said he to himself: "If I could only borrow that lantern and put it on the end of my kite's tail and fly it at night, would n't that be wonderful? Would n't it be just *great* to see the light of that lantern shining like a big, bright star away up there in the sky?"

I am afraid that when Jimmy spoke of "borrowing" that lantern he meant to take it without asking Farmer Johnson's permission. And, you know you can't really "borrow" a thing without first asking the owner if he is willing.

The more Jimmy thought about that lantern the more he wanted to try the plan, and at last he made up his mind that if he got the chance he would do it.

After milking his cows Farmer John-



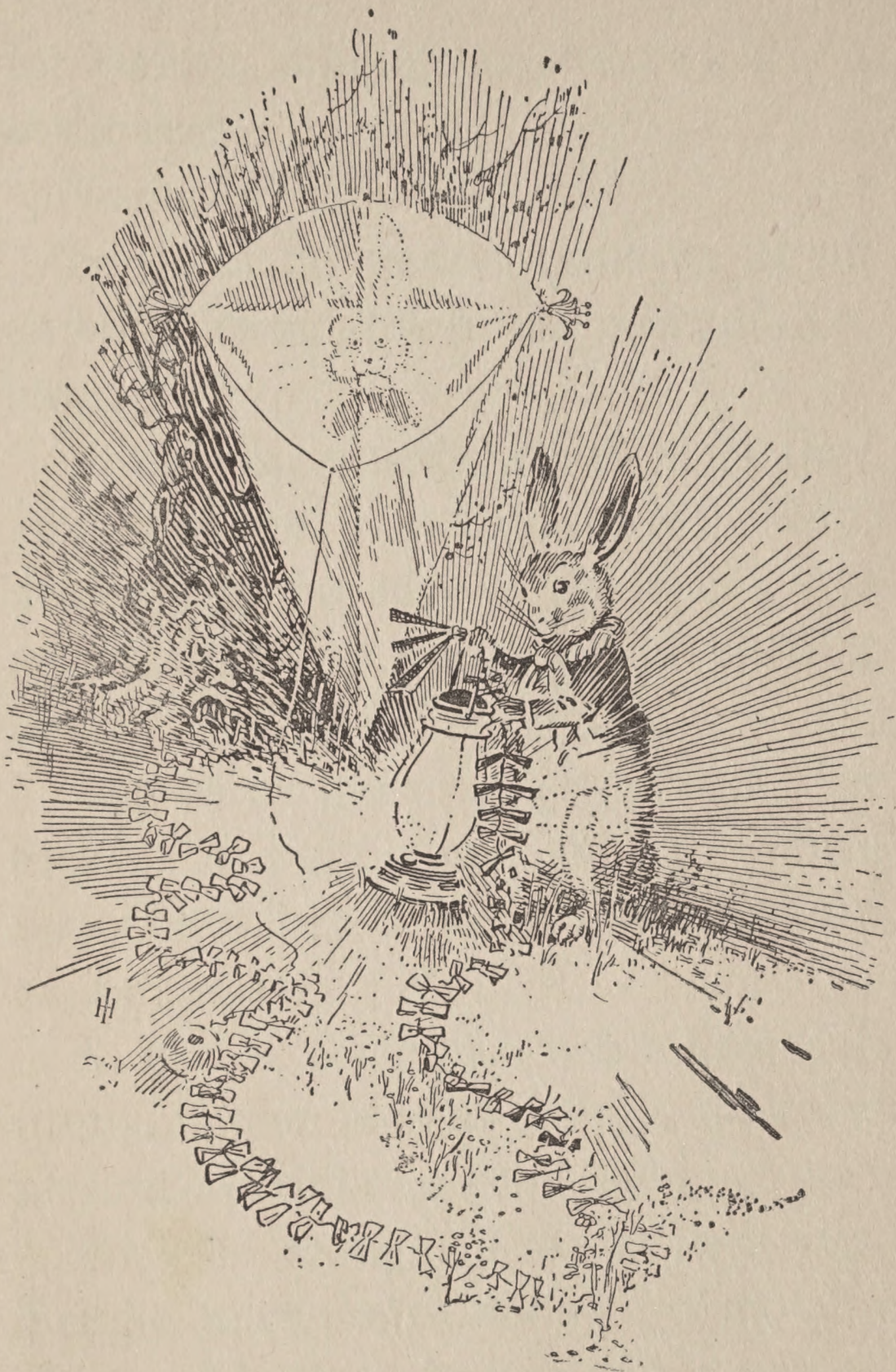
son used always to blow out the flame and hang that lantern on a nail right outside the barn-door. One night after he had done this and gone into the house, Jimmy Bunn got some matches out of his mother's kitchen (which of course he should n't have done) and taking his kite, he hopped over and grabbed the lantern right off of that nail and then he ran away up back on the top of the Sandy Hillside, just as high as he could go.

It was very dark and nobody had seen him do it, so he sat down and tied the lantern right on the tip end of the big kite's tail.

Then he scratched a match and lit the wick inside.

The flame of the match and the glow from the lantern made a good deal of light and that was a very unlucky thing





Thinking of all the fun he was going to have







for Jimmy, although he did n't know it at the time.

No, he did n't.

You see, he was n't thinking about anything except the fun he was going to have.

Now, it happened that just at the time Jimmy lighted that lantern, Mr. Wolf, away off by the edge of the woods, was taking a look at things before starting out for his night's hunting.

And as he gazed about, he saw that flicker of light from Jimmy Bunn's match and then he saw the white gleam of the lantern.

At first he thought it was a great big firefly, but on second thought he knew no firefly could ever grow so big as that.

Then he thought it might be a star. Yet he knew stars did n't go moving about. He thought he really ought to



go over and find out what it was all about, so off he started.

By this time Jimmy Bunn had got his kite flying splendidly, for the night wind was blowing strongly and as Mr. Wolf looked up, he saw that bright light go dancing right straight up in the air.

“My goodness!” he thought, as he hurried along, “there is certainly something very queer about all this!”

Oh, but Jimmy Bunn was having one grand time!

He had let out all the string and had wound the end around the middle of a big stick which he held in both hands (perhaps I ought to say “paws”) and his kite was pulling so hard that he had to lean away back and hang on for dear life to keep from being yanked right off the top of that hill.

Then all of a sudden—right in the



middle of all this fun—he heard Mr. Wolf's gruff voice saying:

“Good evening Jimmy Bunn. I think it's pretty near my dinner-time.”

Yes, it certainly was pretty nearly dinner-time for Mr. Wolf. And there was his dinner standing right there in front of him—a fine, fat dinner, with long pink ears on its head.

At the sound of Mr. Wolf's voice, Jimmy was so terribly flabber-gasted that he *nearly* let go of his kite string. And when he looked down and saw Mr. Wolf standing right in front of him in the starlight—*right close* up to him, in fact—poor Jimmy nearly jumped out of his skin.

“G-r-r-r!” went on Mr. Wolf, which was his way of greeting most of his friends. “G-r-r-r! you seem to be having a nice time of it and I really dislike



to interrupt your enjoyment, but I've had nothing to eat all day and I don't believe I can even wait for you to wind up that string." And, then, feeling sure Jimmy Bunn couldn't possibly get away, he didn't exactly spring, but walked fast right up the bank toward Jimmy.

You see he was so *certain* Jimmy was going to be his dinner, that he sort of took his time about it.

But all the same, just at the last second, he opened his mouth wide and gave a big jump.

And then, with all his might, Jimmy jumped, too. Not backward, or sideways, but right at Mr. Wolf himself.

You see, Jimmy had been so scared he hadn't been able to think at all and I don't believe he knew what he was doing when he jumped right at Mr. Wolf.



It was really the kite that did it, for right then the night wind gave a very strong pull and, Jimmy having almost forgotten about the kite, it jerked him right up into the air over Mr. Wolf's head.

There never has been *anybody* more astonished than Mr. Wolf was when Jimmy Bunn sailed right up into the sky over his nose.

He *did* make one great effort to grab him, but he only succeeded in just touching the tip end of Jimmy's tail and then before Mr. Wolf could turn around, Jimmy was gone.

Yes, as sure as you are born, he flew right along over the ground, hanging to that stick as tight as he could hold.

But, of course, he could n't hold on long. He had to let go finally because his arms ached so and when he did, he



landed right in a big bunch of soft grass and it did n't hurt him one least little bit. Then he scrambled up and ran home lick-et-y-split and it was so dark at the bottom of the hill that Mr. Wolf never saw him at all.

Oh, you want to know what became of the kite and the lantern?

Why, I nearly forgot that, did n't I?

And I nearly forgot to tell you about Farmer Johnson's big haystack, which was what I started out to tell you about in the first place.

Well, after Jimmy had let go of the string, the big kite came down and so did the lantern and it broke all to pieces right in front of that big haystack of Farmer Johnson's.

And it set the haystack on fire and the light shone all around for miles and miles and miles, and it woke up all the



birds that had gone to sleep in the Deep Woods.

Honestly, it did; and it came *near* to burning up Farmer Johnson's barn, too. So you see how careful one has to be when there is fire about.

As for Jimmy Bunn, why, unless some one reads him this story, I don't believe he will ever know that he really did start that fire *himself*.













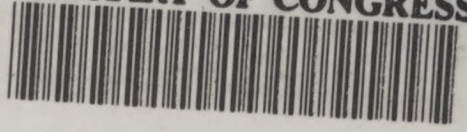


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